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The Week

SENATOR Wagner of New York is right when he says that the nation must come to compulsory unemployment insurance, just as it came to compulsory workmen's compensation. His two new bills, introduced to give federal aid to the movement, appear to be well conceived. One exempts from taxation business profits devoted to building up reserve funds to be paid out to the unemployed. This would somewhat lighten the comparatively slight financial burden which the accumulation of such funds would entail. The other bill would aid any state unemployment-insurance funds by contributing from the federal treasury one-third of the amount which might be paid into such funds by a state government. Under our constitutional system, compulsory insurance laws must, in all probability, be passed by the several states rather than by the central government, and in any case action is likely to be taken by individual states before the nation as a whole is ready to move in this direction. But the problem and the responsibility of unemployment are national in scope, and federal aid ought to do its share in equalizing the burden of compensation. These new bills are logical companions of Senator Wagner's previously introduced measures for a federally encouraged system of free employment exchanges, better current information about unemployment and advance planning for public works.

THOUGH most of us find it hard to remember that the Wickersham Commission has any other function than to report on prohibition, it is in fact charged with the duty of investigating lawlessness in general, and a special subcommittee is dealing with the subject of lawlessness among officers of justice. Not long ago, reports were circulated that this subcommittee was looking into the Mooney-Billings case, and that its investigators were already in California for that purpose. When this information got into the newspapers, it was met by a disingenuous-sounding official denial, to the effect that the committee had no power to investigate actions by officers of the individual states and, if injustice were proved, to make recommendations for remedial action. Nobody supposed that the committee had any power to ask for remedial action; but if it cannot investigate lawlessness except by federal officials, then its usefulness will be about one-tenth as much as everyone had supposed. Certainly no more glaring instance of official misbehavior could be found than in the Mooney-Billings case. The facts are admirably summed up in a recent editorial in a Scripps-Howard newspaper, The New York Telegram, from which we quote herewith, as a supplement to the dissenting opinion of Justice Langdon of the California Supreme Court, which appears on page 220 of this issue of The New Republic:

> We know that the five defendants in the bombing cases were arrested July 26 and held incommunicado until August 7, that they were denied benefit of counsel, that Mooney complained of his illegal treatment before the Grand Jury.
>
> We know that witnesses were coached, that they were given free board and lodging for months, that they were promised rewards and favors.
>
> We know that Mrs. Edeau, one of the "witnesses," was promised aid in the release of her convict husband for testimony that was so false that she was not called again as a witness.

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We know that the five chief witnesses to convict both Mooney and Billings were either confessed or proved perjurers, and that in the case of the Edeaus it was known by the prosecution that they were lying at the time they testified.

We know that innocent Epsom salts was called an ingredient of explosives by a state "expert witness" on the stand, that the material evidence of the alibi pictures of the Mooneys on the Eilers' building roof was possessed, but suppressed, by the Fickert prosecution, that the court and prosecution saved from jail the perjurer Oxman in his perjury trial by closing his mouth when he was asked if he actually was in San Francisco at the time he swore he saw Mooney and Billings plant the bomb.

We know that Judge Franklin Griffith, whom the people of San Francisco have honored by five reëlections, has cried out against the Mooney case that was tried in his court: "It was one of the dirtiest jobs ever put over."

We have from the very lips of Prosecutors Brennan and Cunha the cynical admission that they tried Mooney and Billings not on direct evidence but on their reputations!

And we have it from Woodrow Wilson's Densmore report that District Attorney Fickert's office was in a conspiracy to convict the innocent and free the guilty.

Here, indeed, stands American justice stripped of all pretense of law, as savage and anarchic as the mob. They in California "have made a scarecrow of the law," and yet men and women of America are asked to honor it.

ONE feature of Women's Court in New York City, as revealed by the recent investigations, has not been sufficiently emphasized. The court in recent years has been so conducted that *only guilty women had a reasonable chance for acquittal.* An innocent woman, framed by the vice squad with the help of a paid informer like Chile Acuna or Louie the Dove, was ignorant and helpless when she came before the magistrate. In a court where the percentage of convictions was sometimes eighty and almost never less than seventy, the best she could hope for was a suspended sentence—imposed after an examination for venereal disease and a night in jail. But a hardened prostitute who knew the ropes had only to pay the right fee to the right lawyer. The prosecutor and the arresting officer got their shares, and the prostitute went back to the streets.

ALL this, of course, is ancient history. The news today is the dismay of Mayor Walker—not at the conditions that have prevailed in Women's Court, but merely at the effect of revealing these conditions. It seems that prostitution is flourishing in New York, while arrests for that offense have declined almost to zero. The vice squads of Manhattan and the Bronx, with one-fourth of their members about to stand trial before the police commissioner for perjury, are discreetly doing nothing. Women's Court is for the moment an idle institution. How, asks Mayor Walker—and when, echoes the Committee of Fourteen—can public confidence be restored and vice repressed as efficiently as before? One answer obviously consists in a thorough reorganization of Women's Court. The chief city magistrate, Mr. Joseph E. Corrigan, has already taken a wise step in this direction, by removing to other posts the four magistrates formerly charged with disposing of almost all the arrests for prostitution. The usefulness of these four magistrates in Women's Court is ended. Only one of them, it is true, suffers from any charge of personal dishonesty, but all four have shown themselves severe in their verdicts and unable to recognize dishonest testimony. Their replacement by other magistrates should improve conditions, but this is only the first of a series of reforms that must be made.

IN ITS annual report on the subject of lynchings throughout the country, the Association for the Advancement of Colored People lists twenty-five as occurring during the past year, an increase of thirteen over the number in 1929. Bad as this year's record is, it remains only about one-tenth that of the customary showing a generation ago. Like crime in general, lynchings grow more common in hard times. Georgia receives the dubious honor of heading this year's list, with seven lynchings to her discredit. The reasons for the lynchings run all the way from not stopping an automobile, being active in politics or testifying against a white man, to assault and murder. Though the list for 1930 is more than twice as long as it was in 1929, the Association reports that the movement against lynchings is slowly but surely gaining power, particularly among women and the professional class in the South. The editors of twelve Southern papers have, according to this report, come out for federal intervention in the effort to suppress this form of mob violence. Let us hope that the group of enlightened Southerners will increase, and that the Association's optimism will be justified, even in face of the melancholy fact that there were more lynchings last year than there have been since 1926.

AUDITORS of the Mayflower Hotel in Washington report that the famous party which Mr. H. L. Doherty of Cities Service threw there in honor of his adopted daughter, cost him a cool million dollars or, in other words, $500 for each of his 2,000 guests. Whether or not this estimate is accurate it would be difficult to discover, but certainly it must have cost Mr. Doherty a pretty penny to stuff his 2,000 merry-makers with squab and other delicacies and then entertain them with an entire musical comedy whose cast he brought down from New York in a flotilla of chartered airplanes. In these days of breadlines and starvation such an expenditure of money is something worse than mere ostentatious vulgarity, and Mr. Doherty has done his best to defend his wasteful extravagance by the time-honored argument that his party gave work to innumerable people. However, this same argument might be used with equal justice by an incendiary for burning down a large school, for its replace-

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ment would give jobs to many workers who, moreover, would be much more important adjuncts to society than the pastry cooks and jazz bands whom Mr. Doherty employed to keep his 2,000 guests from becoming bored.

GUIDO SERIO'S chance for life was lessened last week when Federal Judge William Bondy of New York decided he could not overrule the decision of the Department of Labor in his case. Serio, as our readers will remember, is an Italian Communist who was arrested last spring in Pennsylvania and made the subject of a deportation order. He is an anti-Fascist and there is every reason to believe that if he once falls into Mussolini's clutches he will be put to death on the technical charge of treason. Though in some 2,000 previous cases the Department of Labor has permitted persons under order of deportation to leave the country voluntarily and go wherever they like, in Serio's case and his alone, they have insisted that he must be sent back to Italy. The charge has been made, and never denied, that the American Department of Labor and the Italian Ambassador have been collaborating to see to it that Serio is executed, though his only crime under American law is being an alien and a Communist; if he were an American, his actions would be legal. His attorneys are now attempting an appeal, which they hope to carry to the United States Supreme Court. Both to save Serio's life and because of the importance of the case as a precedent, it is to be hoped that the Court will pass upon it and reverse Judge Bondy's decision.

DR. Nicholas Murray Butler is the most recent of a long list of American educators to be alarmed over the growing importance of athletics in college life, and to try to find a way out. In his current annual report as president of Columbia, he brings together several suggestions which, if not new, are given additional authority by his endorsement. He proposes that the colleges should maintain strict scholastic standards for members of the football squad, and that an end should be put to the notorious scandal of subsidizing promising young men. Much more drastic is his further suggestion that gate receipts should be abolished, presumably by permitting free entrance to the stadia where contests are held; since he argues that the result would be to put football on a plane with rowing. We believe that this proposal has much to commend it, having in particular the advantage of being enforceable. Football is big business today: there are a number of colleges whose annual receipts from this source are around one million dollars, and the financial power which is represented by this huge income, and by the elaborate and costly plant which makes it possible, will fight for its existence just as would any other going concern. We hope President Butler will make the fight; it will provide a spectacle worth going miles to see, either free or with a good stiff admission price.

The Need for a New Party

JOHN DEWEY'S eloquent letter to Senator Norris, telling him that he really does not belong in the Republican party, and ought to lead a new political organization devoted to social planning and control as opposed to the "rugged individualism" of the old regime, will not, apparently, lead to an immediate split. The practical difficulties in the way of new national parties are great, and perhaps cannot be overcome at this time. Yet a historical era in our national life appears to be opening; the basic situation may well be, within the next few years, more favorable for a recasting of public forces and ideas than it has been since the Republican party itself was born out of the slavery controversy, and the Whigs disappeared. We have in mind not the stupid and dishonorable tactics of Mr. Lucas in trying, while affiliated with the Republican National Committee, to defeat Mr. Norris at the polls without being caught at it, or the resentment with which the other progressives regard the effort to read Mr. Norris out of the party. This might be a *casus belli,* but the real currents of political need run far deeper.

For over half a century the Republican organization has had no significant and consistent opposition. The unsuccessful efforts of Democrats to unite the post-bellum South with the more discontented elements of Northern urban populations and occasional recruits from an agrarian West have always been opportunistic, and have never been able to make headway against the steadily growing industrialism which has nurtured the Republican machine. This observation has long been trite, but efforts to create a substitute opposition—those under Roosevelt and La Follette being the most threatening—have so far fallen by the wayside. The chief element of Republican strength, it appears to us, has lain in the triumphant morale which grew with the spectacular success of American business. Business leaders have been supremely sure of themselves; they have known what they wanted and how to get it; and enough other people have shared their confidence in their own ability, or at least have been afraid to take the risk of opposing them, so that business has, except for brief intervals, been able to keep its political henchmen in the seats of the mighty.

The triple association, in the realm of popular ideas, between Republicanism, prosperity and the protective tariff, has, ever since the days of President Cleveland at least, constituted the symbol of the party's prestige—a magic shield against all opponents. Cleveland was no radical; he was in all respects "safe and sane," and commanded a large amount of Eastern business support. It is conceivable that if he had been more lucky, support might have grown until the Democrats could have shared more frequently with the Republicans the favor of business men; we might have

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had a division between conservative and liberal industrialists of somewhat the same sort as existed for so many years in Great Britain. But during Cleveland's second administration the country ran into a profound and long continued depression which had numerous points of similarity to that which now exists. There were minor revivals, but many months of "hard times." The Western radicals among the Democrats went careering after Bryan and free silver, while the Republicans came back with McKinley and a new period of prosperity. Ever since then the Republicans have been able to rely upon the prosperity and tariff issues in time of need. Depressions have been relatively mild or, if not mild, brief, except that of 1920-21, which could be blamed upon Wilson and the War. They have served, not to dissociate Republicanism from good times, but to frighten many persons who might otherwise be disaffected into propitiating the business interests by voting for their candidates.

The New Republic has in the past said that there would be little chance of depriving the Republican party of its supremacy unless a profound and prolonged depression should arrive, a depression for which the party in power could find no alibi. That is precisely what has now occurred. Mr. Hoover is in no position to blame his two predecessors of the same party. He was advertised as the representative *par excellence* of the more intelligent business groups. He would not only preserve the best that they had built, but would actually improve it. When the depression came, he made a great show of doing something about it—and those who had confidence in his ability have suffered greatly for their confidence. To make matters worse for Republican prestige, Mr. Hoover invited and allowed to become law another dose of protection, which has been proved worse than ineffectual for its traditional purpose. The impact of all these things upon public opinion has been almost revolutionary. Though revival may come before the election of 1932, millions throughout the country in every class will not soon forget the lesson. It will be exceedingly difficult for anyone to believe any more that our economic salvation lies exclusively with regular Republicanism and the tariff.

The hitherto dominant party is bound to suffer from this course of events. It might conceivably throw Mr. Hoover overboard and try a more appealing leader, but the chances are strong that he will be its nominee—any President who wants to run again is almost certain to have the opportunity, so influential is his control of the party machinery. And Mr. Hoover would be a strange man indeed if he did not want a second chance. There are portents that those who are guiding the destiny of the Democratic party see in this situation the opportunity of a lifetime. It is their cue to supplant the Republicans in the favor of our powerful industrialists. They know that Mr. Hoover is now extremely unpopular in the business and financial world; if they nominate a man who is capable of appealing to these forces, they may go back and begin building again where they left off with Cleveland. It is not desirable, they appear to believe, for them to offer a radical alternative; what they want to do is to step into the Republicans' shoes for the next thirty years, to become another Republican party. The statement of the seven Democratic leaders, offering to coöperate with the President in passing his modest relief measures and staving off a special session of Congress, is merely one sign of their intention to play a cautious hand, to win the safe negative victory which they expect as a result of the revulsion against the present administration.

The confusion of opinion and shifting of allegiances create a genuine need for statesmanship on the part of those who are more dissatisfied with big business and banking leadership than the Democrats appear to be, or can be, the nature of their support in the South and the East being what it is. The morale of business itself is shaken; the old recipes of "rugged individualism" and uncontrolled competition are seen on every hand to be insufficient. Our mechanized civilization has advanced to a point where it cries out for planning and control in the interests of all—a sort of planning and control which cannot possibly be executed without encroaching on vested interests and traditional property rights. The business regime may struggle on for years yet without substantially reforming its ideas, its goals and its practices, but its élan is departing; increasing numbers of people are ceasing to believe in its pretensions; the spiritual discomforts and material hardships which are inseparable from it will not in the future be endured by so many with the hope that they will eventually be numbered among its beneficiaries. If there is an opportunity for the Democrats to supplant the Republicans as the guardians of traditional business, there will come eventually an equal opportunity for a new political organization to build a really significant opposition to the idea and power of the Democrats.

The progressives in the Republican party may not split off from it, violently rejected though they are by the vested interests—such as the electric utilities—which now control it. They may not be capable of formulating a comprehensive political philosophy and program of their own. A new leadership would have everything to gain and nothing to lose by sponsoring, not a few ill assorted issues or a futile return to an era of competition and small business, but a thoroughgoing integration of our great industrialism in the interest of the people as a whole. Neither the progressivism of Roosevelt nor that of La Follette was sufficiently fundamental to meet the challenge of the times and outlast the accidental impulse which started it.

We are witnessing the decline of individualistic, proprietary capitalism, which is doomed as surely as was feudalism in its day, by the welling upward of new institutions, new ideas, new groupings of potential power. Capitalism may take a long time to die or to change, just as did feudalism; and the

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dying or changing will take different courses and occur in different rhythms in different countries. But it will be an absurdity which history can scarcely tolerate if in the United States, alone among the advanced industrial nations of the world, there arises no considerable and conscious force working for something better. This is the door wide open to those of us in America who have the wit and the character to pass through it. A new party, offering practicable steps in this direction, could not win power quickly, and even when it did win power it could hardly accomplish its task at the first attempt. We take it for granted that if one were formed now, the Democrats would win in 1932 and might stay in office until another severe depression overtakes us. But in the meantime the Republican party might shrivel to impotence, while the new and radical opposition would be giving meaning to politics and preparing public opinion for a real change.

Rumors and Runs

THE New York State Banking Department, which finds itself under a heavy burden of criticism in connection with recent bank failures in New York City, has responded in what has come to be the traditional, the orthodox method for public officials under fire, by raising a great to-do about the Communists.

They, it seems, are responsible for the recent difficulties. They have been spreading rumors about the integrity of various institutions, as part of their general plan of hastening the collapse of the capitalist system. None of the tangible evidence in support of this allegation has been made public, with the exception of a single sentence from a Russian-language Communist newspaper in New York, published some time ago, which said that workers' money deposited in American banks was not safe—a statement which has rather been confirmed than contradicted by recent events. Other evidence is said to exist, however, and to have been turned over by the State Banking Department to the District Attorney's office for possible action under the New York law which prohibits the spreading of false rumors about the stability of any financial institution. We shall await with interest the publication of this evidence, or the arrest and prosecution of the Communists who are said to be implicated. We cannot help remembering Grover Whalen's great Red conspiracy, announced with such loud toots of the trumpet a few months ago, and supported by a mass of documents which presently turned out to be incompetent forgeries executed in a New York printing office. We hope the District Attorney's office, while it is running down the Communists, will be at least equally diligent in pursuing its investigation of another group charged with spreading rumors—Wall Street traders who were selling bank stocks short.

The most important fact to notice about this recent crop of rumors as to New York banks is that many of them were perfectly well justified. Not all the facts about the late Bank of United States have yet come to light, and it is all too evident that Tammany has been trying hard to avoid or postpone as long as possible the investigation which would bring them to light; but it is already plain, as The New Republic has previously shown, that there was shocking mismanagement of the institution, that this mismanagement had existed for a long period of time, and that the bank's precarious condition had been known to the financial fraternity for more than a year. Under such circumstances you do not need Communists, supposed to be engaged in some crack-brained assault upon capitalism by trying to cause losses to hundreds of thousands of fellow workingmen, to account for the circulation of rumors. Such facts as those about the Bank of United States must have been known, at the least, to dozens of persons, and perhaps to hundreds. Minor officials of the bank itself, and of other banks, could not have failed to hear them. For these individuals to warn their friends, whom they knew to be depositors or stockholders in the ill fated institution, was a natural and commendable action; and it would be asking too much of human nature to suppose that once they had done so, the news would not be broadcast throughout the community. Certainly the guilt, if guilt it was, of those who passed along the stories they had heard, was as nothing compared with the guilt of the bank's officials, and of the State Banking Department which failed to make sure that its affairs were kept in order. Bank runs are not a new development; they have happened before and they will happen again. A wise government would insist that any one bank shall be in condition at all times to meet, not only the reasonable but the unreasonable demands of its depositors—if not from its own resources, at least out of those of its affiliations. America today stands almost alone among the great nations of the world in permitting such laxity of inspection and such inadequacy of safeguards as have recently caused the closing of two great banks in New York and one in Philadelphia, plus a hundred others throughout the country, under conditions which might and should have been foreseen.

Another reason for the situation which has been witnessed in New York has been the policy of the daily press in regard to news of the banking situation. Among those who participated in the "open conspiracy" regarding the Bank of United States and other banks must have been the financial editors of the newspapers. That they should have been ignorant of such important facts argues an incompetency on their part which is altogether unlikely in view of the high professional skill which, in general, they display. Yet they, and the editors whose subordinates they are, decided upon a policy of as much silence as they dared, until the facts created an uproar which could no longer be ignored.

Even after the run on the Bank of United States

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had started, one of the chief dailies made light of the whole matter, attributing it to pique on the part of one stockholder when the bank refused to buy back his stock at the price he had paid for it! In general, most of the newspapers and some of the press associations minimized the difficulties of the Bank of United States, the Chelsea Bank and Trust Company and all the other institutions both in and out of New York. The papers printed in their news columns articles of a tendentious and editorial character, explaining anxiously that failure was impossible, only to have the banks close their doors before the ink was dry on their pages. Some papers printed very little about the whole situation, and buried what they did print on inside pages, under headlines smaller than public interest would dictate.

We do not doubt that most of the editors acted from the highest conscientious motives in following this course. We take it for granted that they went about saying to each other, "Don't shout 'Fire!' in a crowded theater." They felt that to print the truth might result in a general panic and in scenes like those of the bad days before the creation of the Federal Reserve system. But were they right in this contention? We think it is gravely open to question. It is clear that the people of New York got an impression the papers were not dealing candidly with the issue, and that because of this feeling, they gave greater credence to the snowstorm of rumors than they otherwise would have done. We believe it would have been possible to present the news in such a way that confidence would have been augmented, rather than diminished. If the papers had told the whole financial story, had explained in primer terms the system of bank reserves and the relation of the banks to each other and to the Federal Reserve system, had frankly admitted that there were bad spots in the New York situation and had told what and how bad those spots were, we believe they could have appealed successfully to the common sense of the average depositor in the sound banks. Such a statement might well have been repeated day after day, perhaps even in the same words. But the opportunity was let slip, the papers chose instead the policy of suppression and all too apparent lack of candor—and the results were what everyone now knows.

The Power Commission Shows Its Hand

WHEN THE Senate accepted President Hoover's five nominees to the new Federal Power Commission, it did so with doubts as to their fitness. The progressives suspected, without being able to prove it, that these men, for the most part unknown and undistinguished, were named because they were under the influence of the privately owned utilities which it is the function of the Commission to regulate. But the nominations were confirmed without a struggle, because the Senate was willing to let it be shown, by the action of uncontested appointees, what the power leanings of the President really are. Within a week the demonstration came, in unmistakable form.

One of the most faithful and able members of the staff of the old Commission was Mr. William V. King, its chief accountant. For years Mr. King has struggled, handicapped by inadequate appropriations and by the opposition of the power companies, to execute the law by making sure that the companies were doing honest accounting as a basis for the valuation of their properties. Consequently he was not popular with them. Long before President Hoover recommended to Congress that the Commission be reorganized, a secret memorandum was discovered which disclosed, among other things, the intention of the companies to escape Mr. King's watchful eye by transferring the accounting work of the Commission to the War Department. A more recent member of the Commission's staff, who has backed up Mr. King and has been energetic in attempting to administer the law honestly, is its solicitor, Mr. Charles F. Russell. Long ago The New Republic said, what many others who are informed about the matter have also said, that the chief test of the Commission's intention to protect the government and the consumers against the rapacity of the utilities would be whether it retained Messrs. King and Russell, and supported their activities.

When only three of the five newly appointed commissioners had taken the oath of office—Chairman George Otis Smith and Messrs. Marcel Garsaud and Claude L. Draper—they held a meeting and, as their first official act, dismissed William V. King and Charles F. Russell. There is doubt whether the action is legal. It may even be reversed in the light of the outcry which it has aroused among Senators who now threaten to reconsider their approval of the nominees. But it shows beyond the shadow of a doubt what these commissioners were put in to do. It shows that President Hoover is, as has been formerly suspected, tied to the leading strings of the power trust.

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What They Told Barron

WHEN Clarence W. Barron was a reporter on The Boston Transcript, he said to his superiors one day that it was absurd to give the quotations on Boston securities and never give the news behind the fluctuations. They permitted him to establish a financial section, which increased the circulation 15 percent. In time, in his zeal for the truth, he stepped on the toes of someone connected with the ownership of the newspaper, and was dismissed. Within a year he had founded The Boston News Bureau, a financial review which became a huge success. In 1902 he acquired The Wall Street Journal. His motto was: "The truth in its proper use." Because of the standards of incorruptibility and impartiality which Barron established, he developed into a power feared and respected, and his newspapers became and remain indispensable to bankers, brokers, promoters and speculators.

Barron knew everybody in the financial world and many politicians as well. He enjoyed their confidence. Knowing his motto, they spoke freely to him, secure in the knowledge that he would not use what they said to his own advantage or to their disadvantage. He had learned stenography in his youth and to the end of his days he carried in his vest pocket little white cards upon which he jotted down the exact words of conversations, sometimes in the presence of the man he was interviewing and sometimes immediately afterward. Next morning he would dictate these notes to his stenographer and file them away, presumably to be used when the time came for him to compile his memoirs. He did not live to write his projected autobiography or to elaborate his notes into memoirs. The task of editing these notes was left to Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of this book[1] or to praise too highly the care, skill and intelligence of the Messrs. Pound and Moore in compiling and editing it. It is an invaluable source book for economists and historians and it is the first authentic record we have had of how the minds of moneyed men work and how they do business. Ours is a capitalistic age and this is the truth about its inner workings.

The significance of many of Barron's diary entries would escape the reader if the editors had not grouped various interviews bearing upon the same matter but obtained on different dates and occasions, or if they had not identified by position or title in footnotes the multitude of names scattered through these pages. The editors have lightened the labors of those who will use the book as source material and they have heightened the drama (or the farce) of many episodes by telling us who the participants were. They have, it seems, gone to great pains in checking up on conversations reported by Barron and have eliminated irresponsible statements and falsehoods.

The publishers are mild in describing this book as "amazing" and "astonishing." Here are revealed the ethics of the banking and speculative fraternity in action; and a most incredible dichotomy of conscience does it show. Here is planned, cold-blooded throat-cutting while men controlling the vital resources of the nation play with those resources as irresponsibly as if they were gamins shooting craps in an alley. Here are men boasting how wealthy they are and how they are cheating the government, their stockholders and their employees. Here are big promoter-speculators blandly telling how they rigged the market with stock in their own companies and how they get their own kind into pools, sell out and leave their fellow conspirators holding the bag. Here is the inside story of the Stutz corner, and how the bankers and "men in the Street," in order to get rid of a man they did not like, trapped him, cut his throat (metaphorically) and made out that it was suicide. Here are men telling about the leaks from the Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Reserve Board and other government offices, and how they and others use these leaks to make big money gambling in corn, wheat and securities.

Here also are fascinating character sketches—men revealing themselves in their words: Charles Schwab, a fat and amiable former steel puddler and inveterate gambler, knowing nothing of what it is all about, worth $150,000,000 one year and $6,000,000 in debt two years later; Sir Basil Zaharoff, a sly, cultured, amusing Turk, reputed to be the richest man in the world, "confiding" that he gives all his money away, hasn't a penny left at the end of any year and intends to die poor; J. P. Morgan making grotesque mistakes in financial plans owing to simple ignorance of geography and yet bulldozing and insulting people through the "unconscious arrogance of conscious power"; W. C. Durant telling Thomas W. Lamont one day that he had no Wall Street borrowings and having it corkscrewed out of him after midnight of the next day that he owed $27,000,000, imperiling twenty-one brokerage houses and three banks which might fail in the morning if something wasn't done quickly; the Morgan partners religiously observing the house rule that no Morgan partner is ever to give

[1] They Told Barron: Conversations and Revelations of an American Pepys in Wall Street. The notes of the late Clarence W. Barron, edited and arranged by Arthur Pound and Samuel Taylor Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers. 372 pages. $5.

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an opinion on the stock market and the heartbreak and consternation when Thomas Cochran did just once; Lady Cunard saying that J. M. Keynes is a "kind of Socialist" and Barron's adding, "my judgment is that he is a Socialist of the type that does not believe in family."

The book is so meaty that it is difficult to review it or even to read it without rapidly alternating emotions. I have read it through twice now and parts of it I have read five and six times, trying to get the whole picture of individual episodes. Even with the identifying footnotes the whole story of a situation is not what it appears to be at first glance. I quote:

> Kennebunkport, Maine, August 12, 1922. (William M. Wood, president of the American Woolen Company) said:
>
> "American Woolen Company showed $9,000,000 net last year but really made $14,000,000. Our policy this year will be to show as little profits as possible. If you show big earnings you will never get them; your employees will insist upon an advance in wages. . . .
>
> "You once asked me if I was well fixed for living without my salary. I can tell you that I have one of the largest incomes in the city of Boston."

Here is a man telling how his company concealed profits to prevent employees from asking for an increase in wages and in the same breath boasting that he has one of the largest incomes in Boston. One should like to do something to such a man. But Nemesis has anticipated us: a footnote explains that he committed suicide on February 2, 1926. Here is another entry:

> Washington, D. C., March 28, 1922, D. J. MacMillan said:
>
> "I have bought 3,000 shares of New Haven today through Prentice and Slepack, through whom Percy Rockefeller does his business. The tip is that it is going to 35 and will have a tremendous upshoot.
>
> "Percy Rockefeller made money both ways. He made $40,000,000 on the upswing of stocks and $25,000,000 on the downswing. He had the largest short interest out of anybody, but on the $25,000,000 he made shorting stocks, he will have to divide with the government in taxes. Rockefeller made big money shorting Sinclair.
>
> "There is no chance for a ship subsidy and no chance for a bonus. Washington is the best place to live in. There is not only a *pure, clean, social atmosphere here and a good climate, but there are plenty of leaks.* You can get from the Interstate Commerce Commission what is going on in the railroads. . . .
>
> "Livermore, I hear, is worth about $8,000,000, but he will be worth less after he has settled his taxes. I was caught short of 1,000,000 bushels of corn when it went up over fifty points because of the shortage of cars to move it. When I heard there were 37,000 cars to be released for this traffic, I notified Livermore and he sold corn at the top eighth, 162⅛, and he made a killing but never let me in on it. I told him my situation. He said if I would close out my shorts on cotton and corn he would put me in on stocks and make a million for me. I sold out and owed $159,000. *He does not know the meaning of the information he gets.* When I told him that under the Lever Law they were going to proceed against the American Woolen Company for having closed its mills, I asked him what permission he had to interpret law. But he went ahead and smashed American Woolen and made big money. Percy Rockefeller also made big money shorting American Woolen.
>
> "Here is where you get the information, right in Washington, if you keep close to the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission. They tell me from the office of the Interstate Commerce Commission that Peoria and Eastern 4-percent bonds are making a wonderful showing; that the road has turned the corner."

Now, there are many angles to this excerpt. There can be no doubt from Mr. MacMillan's statement that speculators can get information from government offices with which to gamble in stocks in advance of the general public. This has been suspected all along; but here is an instance where Mr. MacMillan presumably got information from the Interstate Commerce Commission about the release of cars to move grain and had passed the information on to Mr. Jesse Livermore, who sold corn short and made a killing. Also it seems that Mr. MacMillan knew in advance that there would be no ship subsidy and no bonus; that Peoria and Eastern was making a good showing; and that the government was going to proceed against the American Woolen Company (which it did). But with all the leaks, Mr. MacMillan lost $159,000 in one operation shorting corn. He is also naïve: he expected Mr. Livermore to divvy with him. I wonder whatever became of Mr. MacMillan. A footnote explains that he has removed from the "pure and clean social atmosphere" of Washington to New York. I should think he would. His inside information seems to have done nothing but cost him money.

There is still another angle. In his last message to Congress President Hoover propounded only one concrete suggestion of an economic character. It is an old one, very much in favor with financiers. It was offered a year and a half ago by President Charles Mitchell of the National City Bank. The suggestion is that the government remove the income tax on capital gains. This, it is argued, would prevent stock-market inflation because, when their stocks got too high, investors would sell them. They hold them now, it is argued, because they would have to pay out too much in income taxes.

This seems to me to be an argument based upon a fallacious notion of human psychology. In a bull market there is no way of telling when a stock is too high. In the last bull market there were stocks that went so high that the holders of them for investment might have sold them, given the government four-fifths of the profit in taxes and still had a sub-

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stantial profit on their original investment. They did not sell because they had hopes of prices going still higher. However, such an innovation would be a great boon to speculators and investment bankers. Mr. Percy Rockefeller, say, would not have to pay any income tax on that $40,000,000 he made gambling on the upswing of stocks and $25,000,000 on the downswing; but if you are a salaried man making about $50 a week for eight, ten, twelve or fourteen hours of hard work, you have to pay an income tax. As it is now the tax rate may be raised 2 percent next year, even with the tax on capital gains. If it is removed, the Rockefellers and the Livermores will have to pay nothing on their gambling profits in foodstuffs and vital necessities, the Treasury deficit will be larger and the income tax of the small salaried worker will be increased still more. It is a great comfort for us who work for wages and who in times of depression have our wages reduced or removed altogether to reflect that we have a President who is so very bright in economic matters that he would solve our difficulties in such a simple and generous fashion.

The book contains many examples of how the financial and the political world interlock and how the promoters and speculators use administration officials as tools. Some of these entries have a sardonic humor about them:

> Algonquin Club, Boston, June 17, 1924. At lunch with Frederick C. Dumaine and Hearst's new Boston manager, who said:
>
> "Harding was made a fool of. He liked a game of cards and he liked the girls. He would slip out of the White House evenings and go over to the little red brick house and have a game of poker and a good drink. The people who put up the jobs would say, 'Hand over your money to us and come around to the little red house this evening and we will show you our influence with the President.' Then they were permitted to peek over the stairs and see the President come in. And, of course, gave up their money, which Harding never got. . . .
>
> "Harding could not maintain the dignity of his office and his friends continually sold him out. . . .
>
> "There never would have been any oil scandal in Washington if Doheny had kept still. . . ."

Then there are these uproariously comical lines from the lips of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge on June 14, 1923:

> Harding is very satisfactory to the financial interests. He has improved very much in an understanding of the true relations between capital and labor and I don't think he will repeat the mistake he made on the shopmen's strike, where he was advised by Hoover. . . .
>
> Harding is very strong and sound on the railroad situation. I don't think, as you suggest possible, that at Kansas City he will speak for sound railroad finance, high railroad wages and low railroad fares.

For a guardian of the entrenched interests of capital a man is "sound" so long as he does not speak in favor of sound finance, high wages and low fares.

The editors, with considerable evidence in support of their statement, date the beginning of the late lamented bull market from a disputed interview with a Morgan partner, printed in The Wall Street Journal on August 2, 1926. It seems to be a rule in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, that no member of the house is ever to make any prediction about a stock. From the evidence it appears that Thomas Cochran not only slipped up on this once, but that in an effort to square himself with the other partners, with Barron and with the reporter, he got himself all balled up.

What happened was this: On July 31, 1926, Thomas Cochran was sailing for Europe. When he went aboard ship at 11:30 that night, Morton Nicholes, a ship-news reporter for The Wall Street Journal, went to Mr. Cochran with one of the Morgan employees and asked for an interview. According to Mr. Cochran, Mr. Nicholes "mentioned the name of my dear partner, Mr. Stettinius, whom he had known. I think Mr. Nicholes is also from the South, and that rather touched my heart, and I thought I would help him out. He asked me if I thought General Motors had not gone up pretty fast. I said: 'Yes, but I think its present price is justified by its management, its earnings and its prospects'—seventeen words which he wrote down. Then we talked about other things. As he was leaving I called back to him and said: 'I don't give interviews—be sure not to misquote me.' " Now, in squaring himself in the presence of Mr. Lamont and Mr. Barron, Mr. Cochran here said that he had made only a seventeen-word statement about General Motors, and then talked "about other matters." Yet, still squaring himself half a minute later (according to the shorthand notes taken down by Barron on the spot), he said: "He had asked me if General Motors was going to $300. I said it might in three to five years."

Well, Mr. Nicholes wrote an interview anyhow. It appeared on Monday morning. He may have been long of General Motors himself, and in the hope of profit he may have taken advantage of Mr. Cochran to elaborate a statement that would be certain to shoot the stock up; he may have been so pleased with himself at having been the first reporter to extract an opinion from a Morgan partner about a stock that he was carried away by his triumph and dressed up his interview; and still he may have reported Mr. Cochran absolutely verbatim. In fact, I am inclined to believe the last possibility is correct, even if Mr. Nicholes did, according to Mr. Cochran, apologize, saying he had misquoted him. At any rate, it was not until a month and a half after the interview appeared that Mr. Barron heard that there were some doubts concerning its authenticity.

This interview started the big rise in General

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Motors. On July 31, the stock had closed at 189½. By August 9 it had reached a high of 225. The rise of General Motors took the general list with it in its flight. The speculative public believed in the infallibility of a Morgan partner. How infallible it is I may show by giving two examples. On June 15, 1928, Thomas Cochran said, "I cannot see that the Hoover ticket can win." On March 7, 1919, George Kessler, a wine merchant and speculator, told Barron that J. P. Morgan asked him to buy up the entire champagne country, that being the only way to make a monopoly, and said that he (Morgan) would back him for $500,000,000. The champagne country, while small, is owned by 16,000 persons. Purchase was of course an impossibility in one lifetime, even with all Morgan's resources. There is other evidence in this book that even in finance—or note-shaving—the head of the House of Morgan is a shade short of omniscience.

This book, I believe, should be kept out of the hands of the young. It is the only book in my vast library (which contains many books of which Mr. Sumner disapproves) which I hesitate to leave in reach of my son in his adolescence. So-called pornography may cause a youth to weaken his physique temporarily; but a book like this might cripple his mind and turn him into an anarchist. I don't approve of anarchists. Like the young, they are idealists. They would make everything perfect by blowing all of us to smithereens. I should also like to have the police see to it that a copy doesn't fall into the hands of Mr. Michael Gold or some of those Communists and Red sympathizers. They wouldn't see the humor of it. Or the tragedy. They would be certain to miss the suicides and dissipated fortunes; they would miss the observation that Morgan partners die young from worry and overwork.

BURTON RASCOE.

Racketeers

DESPITE the much-ballyhooed efforts of the various crime-suppression commissions in our larger cities, racketeering in all its diverse forms is most emphatically on the upgrade throughout the country. But though its growth and power have been given general publicity in the press, it is only in recent months that public attention has shifted from the booze racket, to its younger but much more ominous counterpart—"protection."

The "protection" racket is the ancient but none too honorable art of levying and collecting tribute by violence and intimidation. It begins when a number of "wise guys," as a rule ex-detectives and ex-convicts, join to dominate and exploit a certain section of the city. They call, usually in pairs, upon all shopkeepers and tradespeople in the section and "proposition" them. This consists in politely yet firmly "inviting" the tradesman to join a "protective association" at, perhaps, a hundred or so dollars a month, membership in the organization entitling him to freedom from molestation and thuggery on the part, needless to add, of the soi-disant protective organization itself.

If the butcher or grocer declines to join immediately, or perhaps even refuses to listen to the walking delegates of the association, they return the next day. They explain the "proposition" once more and perhaps flash their guns to prove their threat of "protection" is real. Very probably the victim comes across. If he does not, the next morning he is apt to find his shop front blown away, his delivery wagon wrecked or his driver slugged. After this, most tradesmen are ready, if not eager, for "protection" and gladly fork over the initiation dues.

Thus, the gangsters gain economic control of the neighborhood and in return for tribute actually give the small tradespeople a sort of protection. They keep other criminals out of the neighborhood; they themselves refrain from holding up their victims, for they get a hundred dollars or more a month from each of them anyhow; and they prevent anyone else from opening a new grocery store or flower shop within a certain number of blocks of the shops which they "protect."

There is a gang in command of a large section in the Bronx, New York, whose "protection take" ("take" is the racketeering term for income) runs, I am informed, to nearly ten thousand dollars a month. The business people pay, lest they be bombed or shot. When the gangsters invade a territory, they sometimes kill one or two business men as a tip to others. The shopkeepers who are coerced into accepting "protection" cannot call the law to their aid; if they try to, they are doomed.

These "protection rackets" first appeared in Chicago and New York about five years ago: since then the gangsters have branched out into all kinds of side lines, some of which are more profitable than even the main racket. They have formed partnerships, for example, with wholesale pretzel, spinach, artichoke, meat, ice, milk and bread dealers and they force—by their usual methods—all the retailers in their protectorate to buy from them. They force their "clients" to install slot machines in their establishments. They terrorize scab-employing contractors and builders and slug scabs for labor unions. They hire out strong-arm talent to almost anyone who needs a deft dynamiter, killer, firebug or slugger, and is willing to pay.

Sometimes they force legitimate business estab-

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lishments to take them into partnerships. For instance, I know a movie-theater owner in Brooklyn who was compelled to "take in" the gangsters in his neighborhood after they had been dropping stink bombs in his house during performances, driving out the customers. Since he took the gang into partnership, he has been doing a marvelous business, for the racketeers now not only do not stink-bomb his place, but have completely driven out of business—also with stink bombs—two of his rivals, so that today he operates the only movie house within twenty blocks. It would be futile, if not fatal, to open a new theater in that section.

Racketeers are working their way into the food industry. Last summer, when the newspapers were full of reports of the drought in the Middle West and speculations as to the probable effects it would have upon food prices, the "protection" racketeers attempted—here and there not without success—to raise the price of a number of commodities, especially milk. Milk trucks running from points in Dugape County to Chicago had to be convoyed by armed men in automobiles, but even so drivers were slugged and left unconscious. A milk dealer at Arlington Heights, a suburb of Chicago, was forced by three armed men to surrender his truck, which was then driven some distance and overturned in a ditch with its load of milk. The victim said the attack was to be explained by his refusal to enter an organization of milk dealers being formed by racketeers in his district, northwest of Chicago. Similar things occurred during the month of August in New York, Philadelphia and other large centers.

During the attorney general's inquiry into the food-price situation in New York, it was revealed that racketeers have "muscled" their way into the business to an alarming extent. Retailer after retailer testified that he was compelled to buy from certain sources and sell at prices dictated by racketeers, or else be beaten or robbed or both, or—if he were a milk merchant—have his milk supply soured by chemicals thrown into the cans by the gangsters. According to the testimony at the same hearing, the wholesale food markets are coming under the control of racketeers at a rapid pace. Incredible as it may seem, the sleepy farmer whom the late motorist sees rumbling marketward may find at the end of his journey sharp, irresistible individuals who control the sale of his produce. He sells at the price specified, for otherwise his tires are punctured, his truck wrecked, or he himself assaulted.

In a section of Chicago, racketeers affiliated with the Capone gang, using typical gangster methods, recently "organized" several hundred ice-cream parlors. They collected "organization fees" and then delivered their "clients" over to a big firm which paid them a commission on the ice cream which the gangsters forced their clients to buy.

I know of cases in the Bronx and in Brooklyn where racketeers promised to put a competing store out of business in order to induce a shopkeeper to join; but after he joined they went to the competitor and told him that the first fellow had joined and he must join, too, or get out.

Many business men, despairing of obtaining protection from the police, have surrendered to the racketeers and pay tribute as the cheaper way out. The racketeers' exactions add to the cost of doing business and that cost is passed on to the ultimate sucker—the consumer.

The cost of racketeering to the commercial interests and the public in the larger cities is unquestionably great. A year ago, The New York World stated that perhaps 250 industries in that city were utterly or partly under control of racketeers, whose total proceeds from the various rackets possibly approached one hundred million dollars a year. In Chicago, according to the Crime Commission of that city, there were, in 1929, ninety-four different rackets operated with legitimate business as their prey, at an estimated cost of $136,000,000 to the tradespeople and the public, or approximately $45 per capita. According to the evidence submitted to the League for Industrial Democracy, the racketeers' strangle hold on certain lines of trade, not including the booze business, cost the American people nearly three billion dollars a year.

Many of the rackets are technically within the law; in others, as I have suggested, the victims are afraid to complain for fear of losing not only their business but their lives. In his annual report issued last May, the police commissioner of New York City admitted that he, "with the greatest police force in the world, was unable to cope with the sinister figures who stalk through the underworld and reign through fear, violence and murder." Last June, the crime situation in Chicago was alleged as the reason why the chief of police resigned. He said that he and his force were no match for such organizations as the Capone and "Bugs" Moran gangs, the "big ones" which, as the Chicago Crime Commission put it, were "beyond the reach of the police power, for they do their dirty work through anonymous henchmen and, moreover, have powerful friends in the city politics."

For over a year now the Chicago newspapers have been writing editorials under such titles as "Drive Out the Racketeers!" Chicago now has a special Racket Court and several official and other crime-study and crime-suppression bodies—but racketeers today, perhaps, are better entrenched in Chicago than they were a year ago. The intense public reaction to the Lingle murder early last summer drove some of them out of the city, but since then most of them have returned—wiser and more careful. The number of inter-gang killings has decreased by more than half in the last four months, and it will decrease even more in the future, for the various gangs are merging into bigger and better ones.

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The same is true in New York and Philadelphia; except for the fact that in the latter cities there were no Lingle affairs to stir up the public against the racketeers. Practically unhampered, they continue to muscle their way into the economic scheme of the country.

I know a number of racketeers in Chicago and in New York and vicinity, among them two or three high-spirited, intelligent men—"right guys," that is, men with a certain code of honor—whom I respect. One of them is a countryman of mine—a Jugoslav; a "big shot" in one of the Chicago gangs which has "interests" also in New York. He is a well read, well mannered man, generous and always good for a touch; a former radical who is as capable of discussing Karl Marx as he is of handling a big booze and "protection" racket. Though he is by no means typical of the general run of racketeers, he is the most interesting one I know.

He told me a few months ago that he became a racketeer to "save my self-respect." As a worker earning $4 or $6 a day he got nowhere. Immediately after the War he lost faith in the radical movement in America. He began to feel like "a damn fool." Then he became a bootlegger and, with his aggressive intelligence, swiftly rose to power in the affairs of what has developed into a big gang. Now, he says, he feels like a man again. He counts for something and lives in style, with apartments in Chicago and New York, taking occasional trips to Florida, Cuba and California.

"We're in the booze business," he said to me; "that's our main line—what of it! We supply an insistent demand. Our liquor—as good as any you find anywhere—finds its way into the homes of judges and other great men. Our business is 'illegitimate', true; but the law that makes it so is considered a bad law by at least half of the people of the United States—and you know what Thoreau said about bad laws. They should be broken. We help to break the prohibition law.

"All our rackets, as you call them, are more honest and moral than most of the rackets that usually go under the name of corporations. Let us admit, for argument's sake, that we do 'extort' money from the so-called legitimate business establishments—what of it? Doesn't every other gang of business men also practise extortion, one way or another? Isn't practically everything that is sold in America sold for more than it is worth—first by the manufacturer, then the wholesaler, finally by the retailer? It's a hold-up game from top to bottom. Everybody exploits those beneath him economically. Capital exploits labor—and *how!* Big businesss exploits small business. Of course, they make it legal and moral. They talk of Service with a capital S and join the Rotary and build churches and endow colleges to educate young men to be good, successful racketeers like themselves.

"We—what the newspapers call 'racketeers'—we reverse the process. We exploit those above us—legitimate business men, retail and wholesale, the strongest element in our society. I'm not bragging, mind you, but in our own peculiar way, we're honest and straightforward about it. We're outlaws, but we have laws of our own. Some of the boys carry guns and other bad instruments. You hear of bombings and murders. Now and then the boys just can't help knocking some guy over. Too bad. But life in American is war, at least from the standpoint of economics.

"Is what we do any worse than to starve workingmen and their families, or shoot down defenseless, worn-out proletarians when they strike in an effort to improve their lot? I don't think that what we do is half so mean. We go after the strong. They have the law on their side, but if we get the best of them, that's all to our credit. We don't exploit the weak, certainly not the weakest. Anybody can do that.

"I've been reading about the new tariff bill. It's a racket, pure and simple. The only difference between it and our rackets is that the tariff is a billion-dollar proposition and our stunts aren't. Also, the tariff bill was passed by Congress and Hoover signed it, while Hoover recently called racketeering a 'menace.' Joe Grundy sits in the Senate and a fellow like me is a menace!"

The day after the Sharkey-Schmeling fight he took me to lunch at Longchamps. Then we walked down Fifth Avenue and met another racketeer and his girl. Both of them looked like a million dollars. I had met Sam before; he is a "big shot" in New Jersey liquor, gambling and labor rackets.

"We're going shopping," said Sam. "Come along."

My friend and I went along. Within one hour Sam bought his girl Dolly, recently from Hollywood, twenty pairs of shoes costing from twenty-five to thirty dollars apiece and as many handbags to match. He bought her other things and ordered for himself six suits at $150 each and a dozen tailored shirts at $30 each, and two or three dozen suits of silk underwear at I forget how much.

"Why not?" said my Jugoslav racketeer friend. "Don't the legitimate millionaires spend their dough just as foolishly?"

LOUIS ADAMIC.

As It Were a Shadow

Shut out the light, let all your words be said,
Bring silence now, bring darkness and her brood—
I shall be long with them. Say that we try
A moment how life sorts with this death's mood.
Alas, they are no mates: benighted pair,
Heaven defend they speak each other fair!
Bring candles, bring that radiance, the moon,
To shine upon me. Let your songs be sung,
And those fine instruments, your voices, play,
Let death teach death her customary way,
As life learns life, her twisted paths among!

DOROTHY TYLER.

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Two American Boys in the U. S. S. R.

The two American boys who are the authors of this series of letters worked their way over to Russia and found jobs in Moscow, Robin Kinkead as assistant to an American newspaper correspondent and his brother David as an English teacher. Their letters, addressed to their family, were written without thought of publication. The fourth instalment will be published next week—THE EDITORS.

THE NEW apartment is great for Moscow, and terrible for any other place. It consists of two rooms, hall, kitchen and bath, with a small balcony off the kitchen where breakfast and tea may be taken in the summer. In the kitchen is a gas stove with an oven, and Mrs. P—— plans to cook all kinds of good things. I hope so. I never thought that I should see the day when I should look at an ordinary, kitchen variety of gas stove with loving eyes. But now one of these things looks like a precious jewel to me and I can't believe, any more, that such marvels as electric ranges actually exist. The bathroom has a gas water heater of an old style, the kind you light up right in the bathroom and get instantaneous hot water. Mrs. P—— complains quite a bit about the apartment, but just the same she is damn glad to move in, and then she will have something to do, cleaning up the place, cooking, decorating, planning meals and entertaining people, and encumbering the whole place with bric-a-brac. She kicks about having to light a heater every time you want hot water, and in all she makes the mistake of comparing everything here with American things in general and those of New York in particular, instead of with other things in Moscow. It will be much better for P—— to eat home-cooked meals, because the diet he gets in hotel restaurants doesn't agree with him very well. R. K.

Washing is pretty difficult here, washing clothes, I mean. If you hang them out in the open air to dry they freeze and don't dry and are liable to break. So they hang them in the house. We had a big washing here the other day and the room was crowded with clothes drying for about three days. They have funny irons, too; electric irons are unknown. They use a big, clumsy iron with a nice little charcoal fire burning inside. Not a bad system for keeping it warm, but it is awkward and heavy to use. Our landlord is in the other room now doing a bit of ironing. There is a woman in the house, somewhere, who has no job but stays at home and takes care of her apartment for her husband. A—— visits her every now and then and they drink vodka and gossip together, and discuss the best methods of taking care of their respective houses. B—— has a good sense of humor. All the Russians have that I have met. It is more nearly like ours than that of any other nationalities that I have come across.

This is Maslinitsa week. During this week everybody eats *blini,* a sort of pancake, served up with caviar, sour cream or butter. The butter is melted. The most important thing, of course, is vodka. You cannot eat *blini* without vodka. B—— has invited us to go with him and his wife to his sister's house tonight to indulge in a feast of this delicious-sounding food. This Maslinitsa is the week of revel preceding the seven weeks' fasting before Easter. Before the revolution they used to have big fights during this time between villages, between different sides of larger towns and between different groups of men. The fights would go on every day of the week, sometimes one side winning and sometimes another. Fists were the only weapons allowed. If anyone put a rock or something heavy in his fist, the rules of the game were that any number of people might pick on him, and he was very likely to be killed. The fights are not in vogue any more, but although religion is gone, they still eat their *blini.* The last day of the week is called "pardon day." Everyone visits his friends and begs their pardon for any ill he has done them in the past or any he has planned to do them in the future. D. K.

When spring comes I am going to blossom out in a Russian blouse. They don't wear them much here in the city. However, no one stares at you if you do. I shall probably not wear it when I go about interviewing people, only in my off hours and when I am sitting at home. Today I went out to AMO in my leather jacket and flannel shirt, which give me quite a workman look. Also a Communist look, because many members of the party sport leather jackets. I like to go about roughly clad and wish it were more the style. You can go into any theater or any hotel dressed as you like. For instance, tonight I ate at the Savoy Hotel with P——, dressed in my rough clothes. He is jealous of that and can hardly wait until he unpacks his corduroy suit and flannel shirts. Mrs. P—— doesn't want him to go about dressed like that, but he compromised by saying that he will wear what he likes when he goes to work, and will dress like a bourgeois when he goes out with her. R. K.

I saw an amusing thing on the tram tonight. I was standing near the front, and at one stop I heard a little baby squawking. A ragged little boy, about

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seven years old, climbed into the car, holding a ragged, whooping little baby awkwardly in his arms and shooing two smaller and more ragged little boys in front of him. Grinning passengers got up immediately and gave the boy and his charges seats. The oldest set the three little ones in a row on the seat and began to look after them as attentively as an experienced mother. He put a rubber back on the foot of one who had lost it in the scramble to get on the car, blew another's nose and patted and cooed and soothed the baby until it stopped crying. Then he sat back himself to take a breath, and his face assumed that look of tired responsibility that mothers' have. I think he will make a good father some day. I often see little children taking care of littler children here. Risky business, I should think, but it must not be or they wouldn't keep on doing it.

D. K.

You see more barber shops than almost any other kind of store. There is one across the street from us. A shave costs only ten cents, but if you want Eau de Cologne put on, it costs fifteen cents more. That's the way things are here, essentials are reasonable enough, but the minute you go buying any luxuries you find the prices away up. The barbers are the slowest I ever saw, and they don't care how long they make you wait. I suppose this is because they are paid a flat rate and not according to how many men they shave. I had to wait a long time for my turn today, and while I was waiting a young, clumsy, peasant girl had her yellow, waist-long hair bobbed. It gave me a funny feeling to see all that hair lopped off, but she seemed to enjoy it, and gave her head a victorious shake when it came off.

I am writing by the brilliant light of the new bulb that we finally got up the energy to buy. All this time we have been living and working by the light of a fifteen-watt bulb and making great vows every night to go out and get a more powerful one the next day. But recently they put out a high-power globe of fifty watts. There was rejoicing among the people. That is one of the differences here. When they put out a high-power lamp, or some other improvement, they make a note of it in the papers and people discuss it. Life is a great deal better with this lamp. Also, David has his Russian boots at last. They are black and come up almost to the knee and fit the leg closely. Around the ankle they look like an accordion, because they are made of nice, soft leather and wrinkle there.

The ice has broken a month early this year and the swollen river is filled with great cakes of it, and people stand along the bank watching it go by. The breaking of the ice is a big event because it is the official sign that winter is over. Everyone comes running up to you to inform you in some excitement of the fact that the ice has broken.

We've been out of writing paper for a while, but the other day I got energetic and searched for a paper store and made the man sell me some. He would give me only ten sheets. I think it is silly to limit paper in that way, because if you want more paper you can get it anyway by coming back to the same store every day or by going to some other store. It just makes more trouble, that's all.

R. K.

I've had two encounters with the Moscow militiamen in the last few days. It's against the law to jump on a moving tram, you know, and the other day I ran right by a militiaman and made a flying tackle at a B tram that was going by. The cop blew his whistle and stopped the tram and ordered me to get off. I looked as bewildered and stupid as I could, and he said: "Don't you know you are not allowed to jump on a moving tram? Give me a ruble fine!" I replied in the worst accent I could that I was an American and couldn't understand a word of Russian. He said: "Oh, you understand Russian well enough; give me a ruble fine!" This time I just said, "What?" He asked me again, and I said "what" again and then he got tired and told me to run along and catch another tram. I said good-bye and ran off. He must have thought it was a little fishy that I could not understand him when he asked me for a fine but as soon as he told me to run along I understood him perfectly.

Another time I got on a tram just as it was starting up. I don't think a militiaman would have stopped me for that, but an officious little boy was standing by and he had a police whistle and wanted to use it, so he blew it as loud as he could, stopped the tram and got a cop. I don't care if a militiaman stops me, but when another civilian does, it makes me mad. When the cop came I spoke to him exclusively in English. He asked me for a ruble fine and I smiled sweetly and swore at him and the boy as hard as I could. It's fun swearing here because nobody understands you. After he got tired of asking me for a ruble fine and having me answer him in English he said: "Well, maybe you are allowed to jump on trams in America, but you can't do it here. Now, run along, and get another tram." So, the militia has lost its contests with me so far. I should have liked to beat up that boy, though. The majority of the people have police whistles and I think they love to use them. It gripes me. After my American training, it seems a betrayal to have one citizen hand another over to the police, a sort of going over to the enemy's side. That's just the idea they are trying to do away with here. They want the people to feel that they are running themselves, not that an enemy police is running them.

D. K.

For the past five days we have been staying in P——'s apartment. He went out of town with his wife and wanted us to stay in his house while they were gone to keep the burglar-man away. The flat is brand new, and although it can't hold a candle to an American flat, it seems like a palace to us. There are two rooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. We had our host over here the other night and fed him beer

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and sausage and cookies and played American jazz on the phonograph. He was quite impressed and kept saying all the time: "And just *two* people live here?" So used is he to having three and more people in one room that he can't imagine two people only occupying two rooms, bath and kitchen.

Yes, people save stamps here, but I don't happen to know any to whom I want to give stamps. They aren't so grim here that they only do work calculated to be of direct use to the Communist ideal. Like all other people, they like to drink, eat sweets, dance, save stamps, etc. They dress as well as they can and like fancy clothes as much as the next man. In fact, most of the people would be as bourgeois as possible in their living habits (not mental, which is the main thing to avoid) if they could. But they can't. The house fittings they sell in stores are in the most awful bourgeois manner, and a lot of chinaware, lighting fixtures and furniture give me the shivers to look at. Some of the "model" rooms they show pictures of remind me of Main Street at its worst. But these are the pretty things that most of the people who come here to tell the "truth about Russia" observe. The things you want to look for are what they are doing in industry, economics, art and literature—there you won't find anything bourgeois.

During the week I have been to two movies, an opera and two parties. The first movie was called "The Three Million Dollar Trial," and its purpose was to show the falseness of money, how greedy it made people and so on. It was rather amateurish but different from any of the other Soviet films that I have seen. It was funny, and didn't try to pick faces expressive of the character of the Russian people, or make pretty pictures of meadows, fields, etc. The make-up on the actors' faces was as plainly to be seen as in a high-school play, and they had a man in it who tried to walk like Charlie Chaplin, which amused me, but there was rather good acting in it. I had to sit on a *strapontin,* because I got to the theater only ten minutes before the show started. That's one reason I don't like to go to them here. They only let you in at the beginning of the picture, and you have to get there a half-hour before that if you want a decent seat, and I hate to wait around for a movie to start. There is always a buffet in the waiting room, where you can buy tea and expensive and poor pastry.

After this movie was over I walked home along a boulevard where some old fortifications used to be. The night was warm, just on the freezing point, and misty. There were crowds of ugly and raucous young people flirting and talking on the benches and groups of young and loud youths trying to pick up girls with bandannas around their heads. The poorer ones go in for these headpieces, wearing woolen ones in the cold weather and cotton ones in the warmer. A lot of them affect a bright red one, but recently there has been some comment and adverse criticism of the practice as being cheapening and degrading to the sacred Communist color. This griped me. I can't stand having false sentiment attached to a piece of colored rag, and they ought to have sense enough not to do it, since they do away with religion. Also, they shouldn't make you stand up when they play the "Internationale." That is an awful bourgeois and capitalist stunt.

R. K.

DAVID AND ROBIN KINKEAD.

Censorship

As the Showman Sees It

THERE are indications that the present theatrical season in New York is to be characterized by smut hunting to an unusual degree. Already four plays have been lugged into court for obscenity. The Catholic Theater Movement has shot a broadside against stage immorality, citing especially "Lysistrata" as a "riot of unabashed pagan mockery." And the Actors' Equity Association has, doubtless to forestall more such assaults, urged a "voluntary censorship from within," to be effected through a carefully selected play jury. It seems clear that the censorship battle is due to be fought over again and that we shall soon have to select or suffer some mode of regulating stage manners and morals.

One feels that everything that can be said about stage censorship has been said already (and is about to be said again). But there is one view of the subject that has scarcely been referred to. That is the view of the showman himself. I propose here to summarize that view, and then to inquire what enlightenment it offers us in our search for a civilized and common-sense method of suppressing manifest indecency.

From the showman's point of view (and here I am interpreting not so much his conscious thoughts as his practical procedure) censorship is not a restriction but an opportunity. If there were no fixed limit of decency there would be no possibility of going beyond that limit. The moralist and the purveyor of smut are two mutually necessary supporters of obscene entertainment.

It is a familiar truth that indecency exists only in the mind—that, for example, the nude in itself is neither moral nor immoral. What is not so familiar is that this is the basis of the showman's strat-

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egy. His function (assuming that he aims to exploit lubricity) is not to exhibit the nude, but to conceal and suggest it by such devices as will stimulate the lascivious imagination of the audience. And such stimulation, be it noted, is but one of several ways he has of making money. To him it is indifferent whether the ladies of the ensemble be clothed each in a hundred yards of silk or in a cheesecloth girdle. He can profit either way. It all depends on the mode—whether it be the mode as set by Mr. John S. Sumner or the mode as set by the Rue de la Paix. His job is to take the mode as it is and exaggerate it.

When flappers were wearing "Merry Widow" hats four and six feet broad, the Floradora girls wore hats ten and twelve feet broad. Only last season, when evening gowns were coming to the ankle, Lily Damita wore a train twenty feet long. On the other hand, when the mode is toward less clothing (as it was after the War) the tendency of the stage is to reduce raiment in the direction of nothing. Some six or eight years ago (when knees had become a recognized and recognizable part of the feminine anatomy and beach policemen had ceased measuring women's bathing suits) a certain Broadway producer with a remarkable flair for the popular taste, rehearsing one of his musical shows and finding that one number lacked "something," commanded: "Strip those girls to the waist." The boldness of the order made even the stage crew gasp. But New York took the result quietly until the inevitable swing of taste in the other direction came. Then this producer was ready with elaborate costume shows. Now the swing appears to be again toward the minimum of vestment.

Wherever the limit may be set, the showman knows how to startle the public by exceeding it. That is his business. It is the moralist, insisting that nudity must not go beyond a certain anatomical point, who sets the stage fashion for nudity. Tomorrow the couturier, by insisting (we fear) on sidewalk sweepers and hour-glass waists, will set the fashion for extravagant overdressing on the stage.

To realize how completely the showman depends on the moralist for the successful exploitation of nudity you must imagine what would happen if the moralist retired from the partnership. Picture the New York police publicly stating that they would permit anything whatever to be shown and said on the New York stage. What would then happen? A riot of lewdness, as one might infer from recent newspaper editorials? Not at all. There would be, certainly, a few weeks during which a good deal would be revealed on the stage whose existence our best citizens have frequently suspected. But very soon a surprising thing would happen. *The showmen would become their own censors.* They would be obliged to set a standard of decency in order to have a standard of indecency. They would be obliged to clothe their girls, instead of stripping them, just to make their shows more exciting.

The experiment is really worth trying. It would not notably injure public morals and it would clothe chorus girls very effectually. For the one thing which the showman cannot do business with is the nude. The nude, *tout complet,* leaves nothing to be expected. It is literal, final and (save in an esthetic way) meaningless. When you've seen one, you've seen 'em all. Put the nude in the *Naktforschungspark,* in the *atelier,* anywhere; but not on the stage. The hard-boiled producer simply can't use her.

Paris has been through just this. In the revue theaters and the more sensational playhouses all rules are virtually suspended. It is the Parisian theory that anyone who objects to a given sort of entertainment is free to stay away. What has happened? The big revue houses have experimented with all degrees of nudity, including the altogether, and one or two of the sensational little theaters have placed an actress in a situation calling for complete nakedness. But in every case the nakedness was revealed only for an instant, or else sheltered by dim lights or gauze. To have exposed it continuously and clearly would have been to give the show away. The showmen of Paris know well that there must always be some mystery, some concealment, to provoke interest. So the mode varies, sometimes in the direction of more concealment, sometimes of less. But for the sake of business some degree of censorship is continuously and voluntarily maintained.

The same truth applies to situations and lines. Nothing could more quickly deflate a salacious play than a direct and literal statement of its theme and subject matter. There really isn't much to be said about sex in its elementary biological terms. The showman who seeks a salacious appeal must go to the most surprising amount of trouble to contrive those hints and half-statements which keep the minds of the audience continually alert with expectation of more. One of the most successful plays of the present season is written in such a way as to make almost every line force the audience to conjure up a mental picture of the physical act of seduction; yet it contains not a speech or situation to which even Mr. Sumner could object.

It is evident that the showman can provide salaciousness at all times, no matter where the moralists set the limit. And the more energetically and dogmatically the moralists emphasize the limit, the more easily can the showman provide the salacious. When dresses were down to the floor, the revelation of an ankle was naughty; if decorum were to decree dresses up to the chin, the sight of a bare neck would be provocative. It is the moralist who creates the commercial value of nudity.

Now, since the showman is able to produce the indecent whenever he likes, regardless of where

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censorship sets the limit, what is there left for censorship to do? Just this: cease worrying about people's morals and attend to its proper business of preserving public decorum. Public decorum is not so difficult to define as you might imagine. There are certain things which a community won't stand for—for example, a nude lady dancing for pennies on the sidewalk, even though she might regard her performance as a religious ritual (as it might conceivably be). Censorship exists to suppress such exhibitions, if only to prevent riots and keep the traffic lanes open. But it can never, as the showman well knows, suppress salacious thoughts in the minds of the theater's audiences.

If censorship, as exercised by the police powers of the state, will confine itself to this object in the present season, we shall find the problem considerably simplified. The prevailing habit of sending the Black Maria around to the stage door without warning is simply a device for broadcasting the indecency complained of. Thousands had seen Miss Faith Bacon and her ostrich fan in "The Vanities." But once the police made a criminal case of it, millions read in the newspapers about this little lady and were invited to imagine what was concealed by the fan. The method by which it was attempted to suppress this alleged obscenity made it available, by way of the imagination, to millions who could not have afforded tickets to the performance.

The police—if their real object is to preserve public decorum and not to crash the first pages of the newspapers—can fulfill their function, in nineteen cases out of twenty, by simply warning the producer in some such manner as this: "Say, buddy, my chief looked over your show last night and he thought that fan dance was pretty rough. We don't want to make trouble, but you'd better tone it down."

If the police must be the censors of our theater (which is by no means necessary, as I shall suggest), why can they not proceed in some such direct and sensible way as that? Why the clamor of a court trial? Why the indignity of arresting actors (who are bound by their contracts and by Equity rules to play their parts as directed) and keeping them in jail over night if they are not fortunate enough to find speedy bail? (A simple summons would do.) In nearly all instances the police can quietly remove moral garbage just as they remove physical garbage from our sidewalks—by ordering that it be carted away.

But the New York City police are not competent to pass on questions of moral propriety where art is concerned. And, to do them justice, they are generally reluctant to take on the job, save when an august and revered voice summons them to specific action. In such a case (and such a case recurs periodically in New York) they feel they have no discretion, unless public opinion is somehow organized and expressed.

If, however, there were some accepted and authoritative expression of the sense of the community, the police, I feel certain, would be only too glad to keep their hands off the theater, and the theater would eagerly accept the new censorship in order to be rid of raids by the police. One promising proposal to this end has recently been made by the Actors' Equity Association. Equity, by virtue of Rule 22 in the contract which its actors sign with producers, is in a position to suppress any indecent play, or any indecent scene or line, simply by withdrawing its members from the performance. But Equity is reluctant to set itself up as the sole arbiter of morals. Hence, it has suggested the institution of a "play jury" to pass upon all questionable performances, such jury to be composed of citizens partly named by the theatrical profession and partly drawn from a panel supplied by the American Arbitration Association. (This would clearly be an improvement over the somewhat haphazard type of play jury which functioned unsuccessfully five years ago.)

The theater, barring the dramatic authors, seems willing to censor itself "from within," if only to avoid the expense of defending itself in court and to relieve itself of the risk of padlocking under the Wales Law. Equity is prepared to be the effective agent of censorship if the theater and the community so desire.

There is here a real opportunity to get rid of this recurring obscene fuss about obscenity. But to reach a satisfactory solution we must keep in mind what every showman knows: namely, that impure thoughts can be manufactured in a willing audience under any system of censorship. And remembering that, we must be content to limit the object of our censorial efforts to the only thing which censorship can reach, which is overt and manifest indecency universally recognized as such by the sense of the community. Those who insist on purifying the contents of stage shows and the minds of their audiences must be willing to take the much longer road of moral education.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

Don Henry

He was born in a land of ponds and willows,
Of gentle slopes and grazing cattle;
And here his gaze cleaves flaming mallows
To plunge in seas like molten metal.
His boyhood knew the kindly shallows
Reflecting back the moon's one petal,
But cobalt water pours in billows
Over these sands where sea pods rattle.
Yet the white-bloomed beachvines pushing over
Shifting dunes where the slim crane dodges,
The three-leaved beachvines, are as a lever
Which pries apart the tight world's edges
And with a sudden force dislodges
Fiery skies from the fiery sedges—
And his soul stares through to fields of clover
He will see no more, and sees forever.

MUNA LEE.

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Washington Notes

The Lucas Incident—Will Mr. Hoover Drop Him?—Holiday Blues—The Special Session—Borah and Filibusters

WHEN Congress assembles after the Christmas holidays its disposition, unless I am greatly mistaken, will be meaner than before. I believe that this will be particularly true of the Senate. The pressure under which it was forced to give Mr. Hoover his way in relief legislation before the recess still rankles in the bosoms of Senators of both parties. And, of course, the extraordinary exposé of the discreditable attempt of Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, to scuttle Senator Norris in the last election has vastly added to the rancor against the administration.

There will be, when they meet again, some heated remarks in the Senate on the general subject of Mr. Lucas and his sub-cellar activities, remarks which are certain to have far-reaching results. Undoubtedly, one result will be some acute suffering on the part of the unfortunate Mr. Fess, chairman of the National Committee. The embarrassment of that godly little man who, early in the campaign, specifically mentioned Mr. Norris as one Senator whom the Committee was supporting, should be intense. He is in, I am afraid, for a good many unhappy moments after January 5, it being the intention of several serious-minded Senators to put him "on the spot" and keep him there.

Not a few observers also believe that the rift in the Republican party will be widened. This will certainly mean an organized and violent protest in the next national convention against the renomination of Mr. Hoover and in general will make anything resembling harmony in 1932 out of the question, unless there is a radical and unexpected change in the situation. Of course, the Old Guard contends that the Lucas-Norris incident, though extremely bad publicity, will have no appreciable effect upon the party, inasmuch as the rift between the regulars and insurgents is as wide as it could be anyhow. There is, say organization leaders, no way to lessen their hostility toward Hoover no matter what he does. The Lucas exposé has simply furnished another point of attack, but if it had not been that, it would have been something else, so what's the difference?

There is a certain amount of truth in this argument, but none the less the stupidity of Mr. Lucas has rendered the whole organization more vulnerable and placed it more definitely on the defensive. The man who will suffer most, of course, will be Mr. Hoover himself. The whacks at Mr. Lucas and Mr. Fess and the National Committee are whacks at him. They are his men, and it is his Committee and he is the titular leader of the party. There is no way for him to escape responsibility for what occurs—and even if there were a way, he is not politically agile enough to take advantage of it. Incidentally, I should think that about the sorest and most mortified man in the whole business, next to Mr. Hoover, would be Postmaster General Walter F. Brown. It was Mr. Brown who framed the Fess-Lucas set-up in the first place and "sold" it to the President. What a fine political adviser he has turned out to be!

It may be that Mr. Hoover will act promptly in the case of Mr. Lucas, that he will get him out of the committee organization with expedition and dispatch, and thereby avoid another prolonged and painful experience, such as he went through with Mr. Huston. Possibly before this is printed Mr. Hoover will have acted and the Lucas resignation presented and accepted "with regret." That would, of course, be the sensible thing to do. It would frustrate the attack now gathering force and blunt the arrows of his adversaries. What Mr. Lucas did, the way he did it and the story he told after being found out, are all utterly indefensible.

The plain, common-sense politics for Mr. Hoover to follow would be to get rid of him as quickly as possible. However, if he adopts this course it will be contrary to his habit and the direct reverse of what he did in the Huston case. He is more likely to let Mr. Lucas bluff him out, just as Mr. Huston did, with that shabby "I won't resign under fire" stuff which politicians caught with the goods have used from time immemorial.

Meanwhile the mysterious Mr. Raymond Benjamin of California, another of these personal friends of the President, has been installed at headquarters, clothed with no clearly defined powers and with no official status. The general idea seems to be that Mr. Benjamin is to be Mr. Hoover's representative, charged with the duty of bettering the situation. If under such circumstances and in such a position Mr. Benjamin succeeds, he is a wonder. However, the Great Engineer works in mysterious ways.

Just to make the holiday season complete for him, the special session which the President is so anxious to avoid looms now on his horizon more threateningly than before. This is not entirely due to the open declaration of Senator Borah, who insists the session is needed to act upon buses, power, railroads, debenture and other matters. Mr. Borah's desire for the special session was pretty clear before he came out in the open. Special sessions have no terrors for Borah. So far as he is concerned, continual sessions of Congress would be more or less pleasing. He stays in Washington anyhow and considers recesses, adjournments and the long intervals between sessions inherently, if not constitutionally, wrong. It is the legislative situation rather than Borah's advocacy that now gives the extra-session idea substance. Not a single appropriation bill was passed before the Christmas recess, though it should have been easy enough to have gotten two of them out of the way. The tangle over the relief and emergency measures, however, was such that no real progress could be made in their direction. The result is that with hardly more than fifty working days left of the present session, a jam toward the end seems unavoidable. If Mr. Hoover delays his decision in regard to Mr. Lucas as he did with Mr. Huston, the inevitable assault on him will consume a lot of needed time.

However, it still remains true that the Democratic leadership is adverse to the special session, apparently willing at this time to "coöperate" with the administration forces in avoiding one. The Democratic policy, as I have before pointed out, is one of conservatism. They have no desire to be publicly linked with the progressive Republicans, and

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are not anxious to bear any responsibility for an extra session, which practically the entire newspaper and business interests oppose.

What the Democratic policy makers plan to do is to "conciliate" Big Business, and thereby establish their party as one in which Eastern financial and industrial influences can have "confidence." For this reason they not only want to avoid blame for a special session, but are reluctant to bring the new Congress, over which they may have control in both branches, into being nine months ahead. Without a constructive program of their own, and without power to put one over if they had it, a special session might easily give an exhibition of chaos that would damage Democratic prospects and turn the country toward Mr. Hoover as the one orderly and stable governmental figure in sight.

This attitude of the Democrats offers Mr. Hoover a real hope of avoiding calling the new Congress together right after March 4, though he may be forced to the expedient of passing "continuing resolutions" instead of the actual appropriation bills themselves. A determined filibuster, of course, could defeat the resolutions almost as easily as it could the bills. The question no one can answer yet is whether this device will be used. Though Borah will not openly filibuster, he can, without subjecting himself to that charge, consume sufficient time in the Senate to produce the same general effect—particularly as he will have the under-cover coöperation of various progressives and some Democratic Senators not amenable to the Raskob-Shouse party leadership. It will be interesting to see how it works out. No one is very happy about it.

Washington. T. R. B.

Background with Figures

I HAVE read Miss Cecilia Beaux's autobiography[1] with so much delight and, through her, so much of a kind of pride in life or the world, that I had best begin with its content, in order to get that stated. The opening chapters recount Miss Beaux's grandfather and grandmother, their New England origin, their prosperity, the house on Dey Street and then the larger establishment on Barclay, the tutors, the love of books and music, the fashionable school, the loss of fortune, with daughters going out to be governesses, the marriage of one daughter to the Frenchman from Avignon, and her death at the birth of the daughter who is to write this history. Then there were studies in Philadelphia, where the family had settled, and afterwards study in Paris, exhibitions, success, associations with Presidents, artists and all sorts of friends. For the concluding chapters of the book there is the commission to paint three of the leading figures in the World War: Cardinal Mercier, Clemenceau and Admiral Beatty. And finally, on the last page, we are at lunch on the terrace of the retreat that the artist built long ago near Gloucester, where we are reminded of the Provençal way, come to her through her father, perhaps, the *déjeuner* under the arbor, the birds who partake with us, our restoration in every tired sense.

I cannot go the whole way with Miss Beaux in a number of her enthusiasms, not by a good deal; St. Gaudens' sculpture, the literary circles of Richard Watson Gilder's day, Sargent—these are some of them. But I am sure Miss Beaux would allow me this freedom, knowing well enough that for me, also, sooner or later, the wheel will turn and many that I have thought of with wonder will be taken by some critic of my pages with a mere mildish flutter and cooler estimation. When that is said, I have no other reservations about her book.

Along with these high praises, there are the commendations and memories of artists and works of art that we might expect in any story of a painter's growth, meetings for the first time with Titian's powers of elegance and his rich mood, first encounters with this great painter and that, and sometimes shrewd and luminous notes like the one on William Sartain studying in Munich with Duveneck and afterwards sojourning in Paris. "The Romantic school had left its charming memory upon him, as it had upon Duveneck, an exquisite aura lying about the vision of what might have been their not too fine virility; and what had been the very restrained life of a young pupil responded eagerly to what was but a reflection of an approaching sensation, the zest to be felt in the *quality* of painting, accompanying with delicate sensuousness the stern requirements of manifested form."

Whether Clemenceau or the Belgian Cardinal or Admiral Beatty were all she thought them I have no way of knowing, nor does it matter. The point is that for her they meant various qualities, some of them hearty and strong, some tender and magnificent, and that the wonder, glory and shrewdness of her own experience with regard to them are set down for us. What she writes may serve more or may serve less as historical record, I am no judge of that; its profound value lies in the revelation of what the painter felt before the sitter. In these three accounts we see the humility and immense response before the souls of these men, and the proud and firm attack on the portrait as a work of art. We see the strain, the intense concern, the practical schemes, the fever that she endures before each one of these tasks. But it crops up, homely common sense, sharp, woman's eyes. On a gayer side there are sayings like that at the sight of Admiral Beatty: "If I had been a little dog, I would either have run away or adopted him as my master." On the profoundest side, there is the moment when Cardinal Mercier saw his finished portrait: *"Mademoiselle,"* he said, *"il y a beaucoup de portraits, de belle peinture, de beaux tableaux, mais vous êtes la seule qui a fait l'Ame, vous êtes la seule qui a fait l'Ame,"* and the painter's comment, "To me came the words of Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace.'"

One day when she was at work in his famous atelier, Julien said to the young student: "Mademoiselle, you must devote yourself to the expression of feeling. Do not waste your time upon trivial subjects." If that was the advice he gave for her painting, it turns out to be right for her writing also. What Julien meant was not mere emotion, but a rich and warm response in which the mind plays its accurate part. The passages that deal with her earlier life and her secret and inner experience are the most moving and admirable in the whole volume. The book deals essentially with the progress of a life in its relation to an art. It sets out to draw these moments in life, to compose and distill the days, the years, one's mind and heart, as one

[1] Background with Figures, by Cecilia Beaux. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. 356 pages. $5.

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does with paint and chalk. "My mother, Cecilia Kent Leavitt," the first chapter begins, beautifully, "was the eldest of the eight children of my American grandparents, the first born of their strong youth and rapture." To her grandmother a sister used to say, "Cecilia, your hair is like a pound of black sewing silk." And to this child growing up, Cecilia Beaux, whose mother had died when she was born, her father used to say, "You will never have shoulders like your mother."

Her mother's family were Puritans, her father a Huguenot; and there are notes on a child's memories of the simple religious occasions, the prayers, the hymns. People used to speak of her mother as an adored being, and friends who had worshipped her used to gaze long at the child, "in pity and trying to find traces in me of the beloved. I was accustomed to, and took great pride in, this pity and interest. I knew her to have been one whose memory caused the eyes turned on me to have that strange, absorbed gaze, in which compassion and wonder were blended." Sometimes chests and trunks were opened, old things looked at, a white glove with lace at the wrist, the wreath, the slippers and so on. "The glamor and awe which lay about these relics was one of the great emotions of my childhood." Her grandmother, with eight of her own, has taken the two motherless children. The child remembers neither the embrace nor the greeting when she is lifted from her crib every morning, only that she whispers on those protecting shoulders the morning salutation, "I laid me down, I slept, and the Lord sustained me."

Later there is the music, serious playing of great music, to which one might listen if quiet—"a beating heart makes no noise"—and some singing; there is the reading in the Old and New Testaments, in Scott, Longfellow, "The Sorrows of Werther," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Castle of Otranto." There is also the retreat in the attic—"I often ask myself, when I glance up at the mountainous perforated cubes of Park Avenue, how children are raised without a third story." In due time came Heine's "Pictures of Travel," with its Chapter IV on Italy, beginning, "While the sun gleamed even lordlier and lovelier from heaven," and the next, "As I drew aside the green silk curtain which covered the entrance to the Cathedral. . . ." Then a young ladies' school; then the first visit to a gallery and the surrender before a head of Couture's. "The rich modeling—'found,' as the French say, with learned accuracy—had been mixed with the eye's brooding imagination; the beauty of the head itself, in which no choice line had been missed by the artist; the ripe, fruity quality of the very substance of the material that had conveyed all this, were felt with awful joy and ignorance." Education goes on, young maidens of that day are portrayed for us. Then came drawing from casts, dead plaster, everything alive rejected. "Marble, bronze, even wood, give their assent to this elimination, promising their own intrinsic, rich value, of which their surface gives proof instead of contradiction." Marble, with its "more than earthly origin . . . the gods' legacy to eternalize their glory." Afterward came Paris and Europe, the salons, the talk about art, the revolutions and laboring over movements. But meanwhile there was the young girl, and there are these extraordinary pages about her, painting, working on the lithographer's stone, drawing, that picture of fossils.

"The girl who tolerated a fossil as subject, and at the same time was entirely unconscious of the reason for her toleration, found out much later that she had borne with her task because it contained a principle she could not then come at in its entirety; that is, the *idea* of light on an object as well as its *effect*. She began to be possessed of this principle, and much later witnessed what part it took in the drama of a human presentment, and its effulgence upon the folds of a choice material. A lifetime seemed too short in which to pursue and grasp the beauty that lay around the mystery, as potent as any other, of actuality."

STARK YOUNG.

Justice Langdon Dissents

On December 1, the California supreme court rejected the application of Warren K. Billings for a pardon. Billings, having been convicted of a previous crime, was not eligible for pardon by the Governor without a favorable recommendation from the supreme court. The adverse action of the court merely confirmed the position it had already taken in a decision handed down on July 4. While technically the decision affected Billings only, Governor Young had announced that he would be guided by it in acting on the similar application of Tom Mooney.

One member of the court, Justice William H. Langdon, dissented from the majority in both of the decisions in the Billings case. The New Republic publishes below the more recent dissenting opinion. We are not publishing the majority opinion for two reasons: first, that its gist has been widely published in the daily press, which is not the case with Justice Langdon's dissent; and second, because in his opinion, he gives an accurate and fair summary of the views of a majority of the court. We hardly need to tell our readers that The New Republic believes Justice Langdon's view is substantially correct, and that of the majority wrong, prejudiced and unjust.—THE EDITORS.

CONSIDERED either as an argument of an advocate or as a judicial review of the evidence, the consolidated majority report is unsound and indefensible. It is unsound because its conclusions are not founded upon established facts. Suspicions, conjectures, unwarranted inferences, irreconcilable inconsistencies and admitted perjuries are treated as facts. It is indefensible because it appeals to passion and prejudice.

One-fourth of the report is devoted to anarchistic propaganda and the bad character of the petitioner. The trial court properly held that these matters were not admissible. It is manifestly improper to inject them into this inquiry. It may be admitted that Billings was a most undesirable citizen. He says so himself. To some people this may appear to be abundant reason to leave him where he is. A judicial officer, bound by oath to obtain for any person accused of crime a fair trial, must be immune from any such suggestion. Our duty is to determine, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, whether Billings has been proven guilty of the crime with which he is charged.

I do not know whether Billings is guilty or innocent of the crime with which he is charged. I do know that there

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has been a failure of proof to such an extent that there is now not even the semblance of a case against him. Upon the record now before us a recommendation for executive clemency cannot justly be withheld.

In that record the indispensable witness is John McDonald. Irrespective of what influences caused McDonald to testify as he did in the original trial, his testimony must now be discarded as a factor in the case, for McDonald is so thoroughly discredited as to be absolutely unworthy of credence. His word is worthless for any purpose. I am supported in this view by Captain Goff. In a letter recommending a pardon for Mooney he referred to Oxman and McDonald as "the two vital witnesses" and said: "If I were a juror sitting in the case I would not in my present frame of mind consider their testimony for a single minute when a human life was being weighed in the balance." As in the Mooney case, so in the Billings case the testimony of McDonald is of vital importance. With him discredited, the chain of proof is broken and the case against the petitioner falls.

It was this elimination of McDonald as a credible witness that prompted Captain Matheson and former Deputy District Attorney Brennan, who prosecuted Billings, to recommend a pardon for him.

It was for this same reason that such recommendations were made by trial jurors. The opinions of these men on the effect of McDonald's testimony are entitled to great weight. They know more about the conduct and the merits of the case than we can ever learn from our reading of the record. I deem their statements of the highest importance, and I cannot understand the failure of the majority to give them their proper consideration.

This case hinges on the identification of Billings. McDonald is the identifying witness. The first identification made by McDonald was in his statement to the police. In that statement he gave a detailed description of the man whom he claimed to have seen at Steuart and Market Streets. It is absolutely impossible to recognize Mooney or Billings in either description. No officer could have arrested them and no district attorney could have prosecuted them in reliance upon that statement.

Its production would have challenged any subsequent identification. Tested by this statement, the incidents of the "Rogues' Gallery" book and the trip through the jail lose their importance. For the more positive his later identification appears, the less credence can be given it, in view of his earlier statement. That statement nullifies his testimony. When fairly considered, the bottom drops out of the case against Billings.

McDonald's testimony, moreover, cannot be reconciled with the established fact that Mooney was on the Eilers' building from 1:58 p. m. to 2:04 p. m., as shown by the photographs of the building and the street clocks. According to McDonald's testimony, Mooney and Billings were together at eight or ten minutes before 2 p. m. at Steuart and Market Streets and left about 2 p. m., Billings crossing Market Street and proceeding in the direction of the Embarcadero and Mooney going in a northwesterly direction.

The justices of this court, since the hearing, on their own initiative conducted an exhaustive investigation of the photographs relied upon by the defense, in order to determine whether they had been tampered with. The report of the experts, who checked the time shown on the clocks pictured therein against calculations based upon the lines of certain shadows on the building, definitely establishes the authenticity of these pictures with respect to the time indicated. The majority opinion has absolutely failed, as have all witnesses and officials connected with the case, to reconcile McDonald's testimony with the evidence of the clocks. It cannot be reconciled, and for this reason McDonald's testimony cannot be true.

No other witness connects Billings with the crime. The only other persons who place him near the scene of the explosion are Crowley and Oxman. Crowley has Billings and another man at 1:55 p. m. on Steuart and Mission Streets, headed south toward Howard Street. Oxman has Billings, Mooney, Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg coming to the scene in an automobile, placing the suitcase, and leaving in the automobile. Disregarding for the moment the charge that Oxman was a perjurer and suborner of perjury, and that Crowley has a criminal record, and taking their testimony at its face value, what is it worth? Nothing at all. If Crowley told the truth, McDonald lied; if McDonald told the truth, Crowley lied; and if Oxman told the truth, both the others lied. If any doubt exists as to the value of Crowley as a witness, it is dispelled by the action of the prosecution in abandoning him after the Billings trial.

I might stop with this consideration of the evidence were it not for the exaggerated importance which has been given to the testimony of Estelle Smith. Without delving into the police record of this irresponsible woman, it is sufficient to point out, first, that she repudiated her original testimony in an affidavit signed on March 19, 1929. At the hearing before us, she was contradicted on material matters by the witnesses Fickert, Brennan, Matheson, Goff and Older. I can well understand why she, too, was abandoned by the prosecution as a witness in the trials subsequent to the Billings case. No district attorney, discovering her true character, would use her as a witness. Her credibility is as completely destroyed as that of McDonald.

All of the other witnesses at 721 Market Street have either repudiated their testimony or have been challenged by contradictory evidence, or have, as in the case of McDonald, been discredited when their testimony was considered in connection with established facts.

The requirement of the majority that the petitioner prove his innocence, either by establishing an alibi or by identifying the perpetrator of the crime, is unreasonable and unwarranted. A perfectly innocent person may be unable to prove an alibi. And it is preposterous to demand of the accused that he place his finger upon the real culprit in order to exculpate himself. Although Billings has presented an alibi, it is unnecessary for us to consider it. When the chain of proof is destroyed, he needs none.

Nor am I interested in the charge of frame-up. It has been eliminated from the issues, and it would be improper to discuss it. This charge rests largely upon the statements of Estelle Smith and John McDonald, and there is doubtless no more reason to believe their accusations against officers of the law than their testimony against the petitioner.

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I am equally unconcerned with the activities of those individuals and organizations that have interested themselves in the release of Mooney and Billings. Whether their actions are subject to the criticism made in the majority report is a matter which does not affect the guilt or innocence of Billings. McDonald stands discredited by his own first statement to the police and by the evidence of the photographs, and it is unnecessary to rely upon his repudiation.

The justices of this court are given no pardoning power by the Constitution or statutes of this state. That power rests with the Governor, and may be exercised by him for reasons of his own. Proof of innocence has never been an essential requirement for its exercise. It cannot be required as a condition to a recommendation which is itself not final. If we find that there has been a failure of proof of guilt, it is proper for us to make the recommendation on that ground. Our task is then ended. The Governor is then free to act as he may desire. The majority report leaves the hands of the Governor tied. Unless and until the Constitution of the state is amended, or three justices of this court change their views, the Governor is powerless to consider petitioner's application, irrespective of his own views of its merits.

WILLIAM H. LANGDON,
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hats Off to Brailsford!

SIR: Well, I take my hat off to Mr. Brailsford.

It was not so long ago that he felt called upon as a good Britisher to defend the attitude of his government toward India against the rather highly colored picture, as he saw it, painted by various liberal papers in this country. He said in so many words, as I recall it, that MacDonald's glove-handed caution was the one commendable policy of the Labor administration and urged his readers to consider with an open mind the British side, which he presented with some little warmth.

Now, having traveled in India and viewed the situation at first hand, he has the courage practically to repudiate his former article and, in an account which seemed the most vivid we have read on the subject (perhaps because it crashed with such a shock on his own consciousness), he condemns the conduct of his government as a brutal and disgraceful oppression of a solidly antagonistic nation.

Such courage, integrity and open-mindedness on the part of one naturally prejudiced on the other side of the problem should elicit a deep tribute from us all. We bend the knee to such a man.

New York City.

DAVID THURMAN KRUPP.

The Seminar in the Caribbean

SIR: A venture of high significance and importance in international relations is being realized this coming February. Latin America has been, through the last years, of increasing interest and concern. Are we in the United States going to be intelligent on questions of vital economic, educational and international import? The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, after a year's study of this question, is now announcing the First Annual Session of the Seminar in the Caribbean.

The members of the Seminar will sail from New York on the S. S. Caledonia, February 14, 1931. Visits will be made to Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, the Canal Zone, Jamaica, Port-au-Prince and Havana, Cuba. Members will return to New York on March 4.

We have enlisted a group of able lecturers and leaders of round-table discussions, such as Dr. Ernest Gruening, Dr. E. C. Lindeman, Dr. Leland Jenks, Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, Mr. Charles Thomson and Mr. Carleton Beals. Distinguished Latin Americans such as Dr. Fernando Ortiz of Cuba and Dr. Moises Saenz of Mexico are expected to participate in some of the sessions. . . .

Application for membership and requests for further information should be addressed to the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

New York City.

Hoch! Hoch!

SIR: I notice in The New Republic for November 12 a heading on the cover "Hoover Repudiated." I cannot refrain from writing to tell you that I for one am proud of Herbert Hoover, who in my opinion is one of the best Presidents this country ever had. I am as proud of him as I am proud of being an American, and it is a glorious page in the history of this country that the people elected a man of his sterling character and high principles, and a man of his great ability, as President with such a tremendous plurality.

HENRY W. MASON.

New York City.

G. B. S.

SIR: Having contracted with American and English publishers to write the biography of George Bernard Shaw, I don't want people saying later when it is published, "But you should have put in my story of Shaw" or "Why did you leave out this postcard I got from him?" So I am hereby warning all such critics to send me their stories, quips, inscriptions, autographs, photographs, postcards, letters, telegrams, cables, interviews and such now, or forever hold their peace. Any such material after being copied will be returned to its owners promptly and with thanks. I may be addressed care of Simon & Schuster, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Nice, France. FRANK HARRIS.

Christina Merriman

SIR: There was something at once vivid, daring and constructive in the contribution which Miss Christina Merriman made to the life of New York and to the newer forces that have gathered head in the field of international relations since the World War.

From the inception of the Foreign Policy Association in 1919 until her resignation three years ago because of ill health, she had been its secretary. Because of that ill health, she took her own life last week. Her associates over the years would like others to know, also, how she gave herself, over and over again, open-handedly, bravely and effectively, to a cause which is epitomized in the enduring message of the Christmas season: "Peace on Earth and Good Will Among Men."

It is quite inadequate to say that Miss Merriman was secretary of the F. P. A. throughout its formative years. There was no such post and no such organization when she began. She put her ardent personality, her initiative and, above all, a contagious quality which enlisted the intelligence and enthusiasm of others, into what she was convinced was one of the most vital social developments of our times. . . . She had always spent herself without stint in her work. Into the ten crucial post-war years she had put the energy most people spread over a lifetime. Those years of her life, and the liberal impulses that inspirited them, were the contribution of one woman to America's entry into the Peace.

JAMES G. MCDONALD,
Chairman, F. P. A. Board of Directors,
PAUL U. KELLOGG,
Editor, The Survey, and member
F. P. A. Executive Committee.

New York City.

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Jane Addams at Hull-House

The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House, by Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. 413 pages. $4.

MISS ADDAMS' second volume of memories and comment, based on life at Hull-House, marks a significant change from its predecessor. The first "Twenty Years at Hull-House" owed its interest chiefly to the intimate experience of the picturesque and exciting neighborhood west of the Chicago River. The "Second Twenty Years" is concerned with larger issues of progress and politics, of war and peace. In this respect Miss Addams and Hull-House, unique as they are, reflect the movement of the world in general. Events and characters which were formerly interesting because of their strangeness, are seen as symptoms and symbols involving far-reaching connections and connotations. The psychology of the present world is opposed to isolation.

The very immediacy and variety of experience at Hull-House make it a source of material, a laboratory of human life, and a watch tower. One of its most important functions has necessarily been to welcome and aid the foreigner in his first contact with American life. During fifty years of residence at the corner of Polk and Halsted Streets in Chicago, Miss Addams has seen nearly all the migrant races of the world pass her doorstep, has come to know their social customs and their ways of thought. By a natural transition she became an internationalist, a representative of the America to which Europe looked for centuries as an asylum, and to which it turned for mediation and peace during the first years of the World War. In the same way, observation of the family life of many peoples and of the conflict of generations among them brought Miss Addams into the movements for the equality of women and for the study of youth. Residence in a neighborhood in which the maladjustment of foreign habits to American law frequently breaks into crime has made her a critic of legal procedure and especially an informed witness of the experiment of prohibition. These political and social questions give chapter titles in the present volume, but their consideration invariably begins and is determined by personal experience in her home; and although Miss Addams takes us far afield, to Dublin, Paris, Vienna, Calcutta and Tokio, "The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House" is not a misnomer.

In its larger aspects the book is a record of social movements in the last two decades. It begins with an account of the Progressive party of 1912, and continues with "The Woman's Movement," "Efforts for Peace," Post-war Inhibitions," "A Decade of Prohibition," "Immigrants Under the Quota" and "Efforts to Humanize Justice." No specialist in these various departments can afford to ignore Miss Addams' first-hand evidence, given always in so fair and honest a spirit. Candor, sympathy, tolerance toward points of view and faiths not her own, establish a hopeful medium for discussion and give a persuasive force to her arguments. This tolerance is of the spirit of Hull-House and of its founder. One can hear Miss Addams' own voice in such a sentence as this, spoken of the Progressive party on which she built such hopes: "Possibly the time was not ripe for the organization of a new political party or more likely we did not recognize the nation's actual needs and desires." This tolerance is often a matter of perspective. Of the post-war delirium from which she suffered so much she writes: "We used to remind ourselves that when the first biological discoveries were published, they were regarded as indecencies . . . when the first anthropological discoveries were made, the statements were regarded as blasphemy . . . when the first efforts were made to open better international relationships between widely separated people, it was perhaps quite natural that such efforts should be regarded as treason." This attitude persists in speaking of the antagonism between her own country and Russia, and in her plea for the recognition, in a spirit of scientific detachment, of "the largest piece of conscious social laboratory experiment that history records." The sense of perspective makes Miss Addams plead for time and patience. Prohibition she sees as one of a long series of efforts to deal with drink by government control. "To give it up now, or to modify seriously the Eighteenth Amendment, would be to obtain not even a negative result, and would mean that we never could be clear as to the real effect of national prohibition."

These large subjects of thought determine the structure of Miss Addams' book, but they are illustrated and illuminated by instances drawn from the life of Hull-House and its neighborhood. Particularly is this the case in the chapter on "The Devil Baby." A strange episode in the history of Hull-House was the story which got abroad of the birth of a baby, a "devil child" with cloven hoofs and tail, which had been brought to the House by its agonized parents and concealed by the residents. Without the assistance of newspapers the story spread from mouth to mouth until literally thousands of people were informed, and called up by telephone to inquire, or came, singly, in groups, or once in a delegation of men from a factory "on their own time," prepared to pay from twenty-five cents to two dollars apiece as an admission fee. There were various explanations of the cause of the phenomenon, but they all went back to a sin on the part of the father. In the Italian version he was an atheist who had torn a holy picture from the wall; in the Jewish, an anti-feminist who, after having six daughters, had exclaimed that he would rather have a devil than a seventh girl. The occasion brought to the surface a great amount of atavistic superstition and legend, as well as of tragic reminiscence on the part of women who had suffered beyond words through husbands or children, in the blind ways of poverty. Nowhere does Miss Addams write with more penetration and understanding, with more of the beauty which comes from pity, than in her comment on such concrete experience, so grotesquely interwoven with a strain of unconscious art:

> The mothers who have never resisted fate or buffeted against the black waters, but have allowed the waves to close over them, worn and bent as they are by hard labor, subdued and misshapen by the brutality of men, are at least unaffrighted by the melodramatic coarseness of life, which Stevenson describes as "the uncouth and outlandish strain in the web of the world." The story of the Devil Baby may have made its appeal through its frank presentation of this very demoniac quality, to those who live under the iron tyranny of that poverty which threatens starvation, and under the dread of a brutality which may any dark night bring them or their children to extinction; to those who have seen both virtue and vice go unrewarded and who have long since ceased to complain.

Next to womanhood in itself, Miss Addams writes most eloquently and authoritatively of the immigrant and of youth. Hull-House gives shelter to two institutions of

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extraordinary value to the city—the Immigrants' Protective League and the Juvenile Protective Association. The former is a repository of stories of hardships, often pathetically illogical, wrought upon innocent and unfortunate foreigners by our quota system of restriction of immigration. The latter is an unrivaled source of information in regard to the thought and ways of the advancing generation of the native and the foreign born. Apart from these institutional projects, Hull-House is itself a home for new Americans. One change in its methods all the older residents recognize. Whereas in its early days the cultural activities of the House were largely literary and intellectual, today they are, in the field of the arts, represented by the music school, the art schools and the Hull-House kilns. The change is to be accounted for partly by the increase in opportunities for formal education afforded by the city, partly by a significant change in our conception of culture itself, which we owe to the leavening of the American lump by foreign yeast. It is in her chapter on "The Play Instinct and the Arts" that Miss Addams forecasts one phase of the future of Hull-House, the phase in which at the age of forty years it asserts its youth, for: "We realize afresh that it is the business of youth to reaffirm the beauty and joy in the world, that such spontaneity may become a source of new vitality, a wellspring of refreshment to a jaded city."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

China and Korea in Revolt

Korea of the Japanese, by H. B. Drake. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 225 pages. $4.

The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution, by T'ang Leang-li. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 291 pages. $5.

The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution, by A. N. Holcombe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 185 pages. $2.

I HAD EYES only for the visible, ears only for the audible, and a nose. . . . I could willingly have dispensed with the nose." So Mr. Drake goes on record as saying in "Korea of the Japanese." Look for nothing else in his book, the title of which is misleading. Anyone genuinely interested in the Orient will find here only so much rubbish. Those interested in a certain standard type of Oxford man, who is, again to quote Mr. Drake, "like a passenger on some unprofitable voyage, bound, you might say, on an ocean of Nothingness for the port of Nowhere," and who is reduced, in more specific terms, to teaching English in a Korean prep school for sporting amusement, will be diverted by these slight essays written in a fluent style and containing nothing more significant than jokes about the Korean advertisements of Kotex.

Yes, Mr. Drake is a kidder. He is a new type to write about the Orient, and that he should write about it at all has a certain significance. He kids the missionaries: his book is emphatically not the kind that a missionary writes for the purpose of saving those dirty heathen, of introducing them to bathtubs and the New Testament, and of smuggling them into respectable British society. Mr. Drake is not a lunatic poet whose eye doth glance from heaven to earth, nor is he a Norman Douglas. He has no patience with dirt or heathen, with "milkless tea" or "cups without handles." He kids everybody: former, latter, Japanese, Koreans, Chinese, Americans.

Like the character in one of Chekhov's stories whose only interest in nature was to choose good sites for picnics, Mr. Drake makes Korea a frame for his eating, drinking, smoking and "crossing swords" with people in an "amiable, superficial way." He finds nothing philosophical to remark about the ill fated country of Korea, in history four thousand years old, patrolled now by one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and twenty thousand armed policeman of Japan (to whom the native government abdicated by Japanese compulsion in 1910), and existing since 1919 in a state of united revolution. In fact, he finds nothing to say about the people at all in his sartorial description, his diet narrative. No Koreans are introduced individually, with the exception of a girl educated since the age of seven in America and unable to speak a word of her mother tongue. She receives this honor not as a vital and a touching personality—as I gather she is—but apparently because Mr. Drake wishes to pay off an old score against his opponent in argument. "It was intolerable to be obliged to defend myself against the very cynicisms which I delighted in pitting against others. But it was an amusing exercise in dialectics. . . ." And he becomes almost earnest for a moment in reiterating the ancient arguments of a British imperialist out of temper.

I do not doubt that Mr. Drake has been to Korea in the flesh. He must surely have smelled *kimchi,* the native pickle, however dulled his nostrils in the smelling of his favorite cheese. But certainly he has never smelled the poetry of Korea, or the painting, or any of the antique native art. Probably no man visiting Korea has been better equipped with easy, enticing language for an imaginative volume, and no man has made poorer use of good style in describing, not Korea, but some cloudy personal spot in his own mind.

The true interpretation of the Orient to the West will come from an Oriental rather than an Occidental author. Until it is written, we must put up with the banalities of Oxford men or the uncultivated approach of missionaries. No bilingual writer has yet emerged. Hence, it is necessary to choose between a clever and inaccurate presentation of sketchy material, such as a cultured Occidental would never permit himself about Europe; and, on the other hand, laborious truths heaped together with no kind of style and with at best the plainest command of English, such as are to be found, for example, in "The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution." Its author, Mr. T'ang Leang-li, knows his story from beginning to end, and it is a story deserving of interesting treatment. He is not well equipped, however, to write such a book. He is intensely partisan, an anti-Manchu-dynasty man; he evaluates things in terms of the material; he is without breadth of view. Thus, he attacks some of the more vigorous and independent thinkers of modern China—as for instance Liang Chi-chao, a great scholar, who in his new adaptations of Confucianism has brought great masses of the innately conservative to a liberal standpoint favorable for revolution—and he praises some of the thick-headed military organizers beyond their deserts. He is without the detached, suave mind of the historian, he is without the technique of the literary craftsman. Indeed, he does not even understand the placing of emphasis. Unimportant events are treated at length; important events are given at times even less space than rubbishy details. However, his book is an enormous mine of information for those who choose to dig into it and form their own conclusions.

"The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution" is a book intended for a very different audience. A. N. Holcombe, its author, is also the author of "The Chinese Revolution," a longer and more scholarly work which was generally

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praised on its publication last year. In the present volume, he has tried to condense his earlier material into a popularized outline (originally given in lecture form under the auspices of the Lowell Institute of Boston). He has succeeded in some degree: he tells an interesting story, and he presents the political philosophy of Sun Yat-sen in an inspiring, optimistic light. The lay reader of the book will think he perceives some meaning in the trend of the Chinese Revolution; but the student of Eastern affairs will be irritated by misplaced emphasis and by a simplification that sometimes amounts to distortion.

Mr. Holcombe's choice of representative personalities is often unfortunate. The chapter on Chinese Communism is, for example, centered about Borodin, a Russian-American born in Chicago and used as a tool by the native Chinese rebels. Hsu-chin is a far more important figure for discussion. As an exponent of Christianity, Feng Yu-hsiang is an unfortunate choice; the fact is well known that he exploited Christianity to provide a military morale for his troops. Many Christians more interesting than Feng could be found in China, where the revolutionary leaders have been much influenced by Western works—"L'Esprit des Lois," "Le Contrat Sociale," "Das Kapital" and, significantly, the Bible. The Bible, after all, is a book of revolt.

To sum up these three books about the East in revolution: Mr. T'ang Leang-Li will serve excellently for students writing dissertations and digging for facts; Mr. Holcombe's work is a good one for women's clubs and Rotarians in search of inspiring summaries; but Mr. Drake's book is useless, except to kindle a fire.

YOUNGHILL KANG.

The Short Story Muddles On

The Best Short Stories of 1930, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 322 pages. $2.50.

O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories: 1930, edited by Blanche Colton Williams. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 384 pages. $2.

Certain People, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Bridal Pond, by Zona Gale. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Morals for Moderns, by Elmer Davis. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

WHAT immediately arises out of a reading of many contemporary short stories is the impression that our artists, when and where they lapse, are failing because they are bad metaphysicians of art, addicts of the partial formulation. Either they fail in range, depth and imaginative qualities because, like W. R. Burnett, John Herrmann and Morley Callaghan, they are system ridden by the behaviorists; or they fail in personalizing their characters because, with Freud, they work below the personality line in the depths of the subconscious—where outlines merge, where idiosyncrasies become ticketed for clinical exhibition, and where one sort of character seems very much like any other—as much a universal blur as a Whitman pioneer. Examples of the failure to personalize may be found in the three "American Caravans," particularly in the second, or in V. F. Calverton's foray into fiction in "Three Strange Lovers." Both tendencies are bound to prove more and more barren as time goes on, and perhaps a nascent realization of this is leading to efforts towards combining the resources of both methods. Katherine Anne Porter, for example, seems to bind up the two by means of moral volition in stories like "Theft," which is chosen by Edward J. O'Brien for his collection, and her example will probably be contagious and fruitful.

Indeed, the watchful Mr. O'Brien professes to see a change already. "The period of ferment," he says, apropos of the past decade of experimentation, "is over. The period of integration is begun."

Mr. O'Brien cannot be accused of philosophizing out of a vacuum, or out of a hasty glance through a few books, for no one has been the willing slave of short fiction that he has been for fifteen yeasty and trying years. In his collection for 1930 he offers twenty samples, of varying merit, to back up his generalization. A careful reading of the anthology, however, will convince one that Mr. O'Brien does not mean philosophical integration, or psychological integration, or moral integration, for most of the stories he chooses are definitely in the behaviorist pattern. What he has in mind, very probably, is an integration, or rather simplification, of form: none of the stories he selects, save one by Caroline Gordon, has a tendency to sprawl or to become devious. More than anything else, his selection, with the notable exception of Manuel Komroff's "A Red Coat for Night," is evidence of the collapse of plot.

The absence of plot leads to a number of considerations. In Blanche Colton Williams' O. Henry collection, for example, there is plenty of plot, but most of it (an obvious exception is Marc Connelly's story of the tragedy of the midgets when confronted with "late growth") is factitious, plot as a literary device, not as the natural working out of moral conflict between individuals. One can generalize from Miss Williams' selection and say that plot has become what it was never meant to be. It is the sort of stuff represented by Irvin Cobb that fairly earned the structureless story; but, now the revolution is over, how, one asks in the face of the O'Brien collection, can plot be revived in the dramatic sense? How can stories become something more than literary exercises of one sort or another? The collected stories of Mrs. Wharton, Zona Gale, Elmer Davis, Katherine Anne Porter and others ought to yield some answer. They should settle the question of what we have a right to expect from the period of integration that is to come—if it does come.

By reading Edith Wharton's latest volume, we discover that the behaviorist-Freudian split is not the full measure of the story writer's failure; it is mainly the measure of the experimentalist's failure. Edith Wharton is neither behaviorist nor Freudian. Indeed, she is not at all concerned with world views, or total human views; but she has her prejudices, and these cause an orientation toward a dead life. More often than not she seems to be practising a dexterous but perfunctory technique upon anything that comes to hand out of the past. She is like a pitcher who, confident of his lead and his ultimate ability to control the situation, lets a ball go with perfect coördination—but down the fatal groove.

Zona Gale is in another category. In "Bridal Pond" she is definitely the mature creator, the concise dramatist of fiction, certain of her material and of its human worth. She traps her characters in moments leading to decision, and she allows them decisions on their own terms, not in terms of John B. Watson or anyone else. She can even allow them their own sentimentality without provoking the offensive notion that she would share it in similar situations. When Morley Callaghan, to choose a scapegoat,

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writes of subcaliber characters, he makes them seem as if they never brought their past experiences, their failures and successes, to bear coördinately on any present problem. In contrast to Miss Gale, he traps his characters in moments of psychological dissolution, not in the moments of integration that result from purpose. His besetting temptation—and it is a temptation in that it simplifies matters for the creator—is resolutely denied in "Bridal Pond." And Miss Gale, by her insistence on concretizing, manages to escape a snare which even so careful and sensuous a short-story writer as Stark Young can fall into at times; she never, to employ Ramon Fernandez' antithesis, uses the method of rational proof, but always that of esthetic proof.

The question of morally integrated lives, which is not raised by Miss Gale because she can find her material ready to hand in already integrated form (it may be significant that she is more or less in Willa Cather's generation), is brought to the foreground by Elmer Davis. Mr. Davis, who has ability as a farceur, has never given himself a chance to become a good short-story writer. He, too, is system ridden, but it is by the system of the average magazine editor, who desires a hint or two of motivation, but never too much. The result in "Morals for Moderns" is a compromise. It leaves one with the impression that Mr. Davis is exploiting the supposed current need for moral integration in much the same way that writers of ten years ago were exploiting the interest in freedom for moderns. Mr. Davis is attempting to cash in on the dilemma of the liberated, and he begs the question.

If moral decision and its resultant dramatic vigor are to be recaptured for the short story, the writers who have evolved a behavioristic system (not quite logically) out of Hemingway must be repudiated. A repudiation by Mr. O'Brien of such writers would have left him without Whit Burnett, Harry Hartwick, Dorothy Parker, Emily Hahn and perhaps Janet Lewis (whose story, "At the Swamp," leaves one in a quandary as to her real bent). Neither behaviorism nor Freudianism, whatever their value to psychology, will do as a viable theory of esthetics. The behaviorist cannot concern himself with value, he cannot have a logical beginning, middle or end, since all his action means nothing beyond itself; whereas the Freudian, in his preoccupation with the subconscious, cannot deal with palpable events in the visible world. Some synthesis must be effected, and the only way of drawing the two together is by an emphasis on will as a function of the human organism—by seizing the purposive moments in human life and ignoring the more numerous moments of spiritual slack.

To return to Katherine Anne Porter, an analysis of her "Theft" may offer constructive suggestion. The story is simple enough: a girl, who has shown herself in her conversation with three men to be a rather sacrificial person, one who thieves from herself, finds that her purse is stolen. She rightly suspects the janitress. But when she accuses the woman of taking her purse she discovers herself torn between two conceptions of the appropriate: to demand it back, or to withdraw gracefully under the realization that the janitress perhaps needs it more than she herself. The see-saw of the moral choice, one which proves to be distinctly in character, and the effect of the choice on the thief, are presented directly. The story has an overtone of clean intensity without a trace of the febrile. The stories in "Flowering Judas," a collection of Miss Porter's work, are, with one exception, more or less of the same spiritual order as "Theft." Taking human material at its maximum of intensity and containing it rigorously, they generate a correlative literary intensity that is exhilarating. They are unfortunately in distinct contrast to most of the short-story literature of the past decade.

In this survey I have said nothing about style and sensibility, such as are possessed, for example, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts, a contributor to the Williams anthology. Miss Roberts has been adequately praised for her qualities elsewhere. I have said nothing about genius; that is something to be recognized, not talked about. If my contentions have seemed obvious, the justification for making them may be found in Mr. O'Brien's idea of the "best." Obvious they may be, but they have apparently never occurred to most of our newer short-story writers—writers who have forgotten that motive and purpose are the blood and cartilage of dramatic fiction.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

The Wet-Dry Nuisance

Responsible Drinking: A Discreet Inquiry and a Modest Proposal, by Robert C. Binkley. New York: The Vanguard Press. 215 pages. $2.

An Indictment of Prohibition, by Joseph S. Auerbach. New York: Harper and Brothers. 94 pages. $1.

IF THERE still remain in this harassed land people who are capable of thinking about prohibition instead of shouting pro and con above the rattle of cocktail shakers and machine guns, these two books offer food for thought. Two questions present themselves: first, what is society's legitimate interest in the control of the individual's drinking habits and how best can this interest be made effective; second, what political procedure offers the best promise of ending the present intolerable diversion of social energy from more important tasks—the most dangerous thing about the whole Wet-Dry nuisance.

Mr. Auerbach has chosen to smother his answer to the second question in a hundred pages of forensic flowers when he could have stated it in a paragraph. Nevertheless, it would appear to be a pretty good tactical answer: to modify the Volstead Act so as to make it effective only in those states which pass concurrent legislation, and to submit to the states a constitutional substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment prohibiting importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes into states which have enforcement acts—the last merely as a temporary sop to the Drys. This wouldn't quiet the controversy; it would merely shift the forum to the states. But in some of these it might prove possible to obtain consideration for the sensible proposals contained in Mr. Binkley's admirable conscience-book; and the example might spread.

"Responsible Drinking" is a conscience-book because in his callow youth Mr. Binkley once won $50 by declaiming against the Liquor Evil in a contest held under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Mr. Binkley grew up, went abroad where the French and Italians taught him how to drink, and now makes handsome amends with a comprehensive, scholarly and statesmanlike study of the whole subject.

After a convincing destructive analysis of the three chief current proposals—Enforcement, Nullification, and Referendum and Modification—he makes three highly useful points: first, that society's real concern is not with liquor, but with *intoxication*—with the damage done to the State and to other individuals by intoxicated persons; second, that in a capitalist civilization the best way to get anybody

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to obey a law is to make it profitable for him to do so; third, that if our early civil-damage laws (Colonial Boston penalized liquor dealers for selling to topers) had been allowed to grow to maturity, we might have built up a living, changing system of liquor control, as fully supported by public opinion as are the laws which today govern automobile traffic.

The two essential elements in Mr. Binkley's proposal are the Drinker's Registration and the Dealer's Bond. Registration cards would be available to all adults and would be withdrawn only as a result of court action proving that the holder had damaged the rights of others by the abuse of liquor. The damages, however, would be collected not from the drinker, since the commonest sort of court action would probably be that of an impoverished wife against a drunken husband, but against the dealer who sold to him.

Here is another chance for The Literary Digest. Let the question this time be: How many people want, not victory for either Wets or Drys, but peace—or at least a period of armistice during which intelligent and realistic proposals such as those of Mr. Binkley might be given a trial?

JAMES RORTY.

Book Notes

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SPAIN, by Salvador de Madariaga. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 507 pages. $5.*

This book by an ex-member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, now holder of the Alfonso XIII Chair at Oxford University, presents a general study of modern Spain. The author speaks from an acquaintance with England and the English language that is at least worthy to accompany his profound knowledge of his own country. No such account is to be found in English of the full combination of influences, traits, events, statistics and tendencies that make up the Spain of today. The tone of the book, however, is never merely factual or informative; it is written from the standpoint of a man of talent, intellectual freedom and wit; it bites and illuminates at the same moment, and its whole sum is balanced and wholly convincing.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS, by Katherine Mansfield. *Edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 321 pages. $3.50.*

The book reviews Katherine Mansfield wrote of remembered and forgotten novels for The Athenaeum during 1919 and 1920 have been inclusively collected in this volume. Fortunately, editing is at a minimum and whatever temptation there may have been to omit a review like the exalted one of Blasco Ibañez's war novel has been put aside. This particular review is but the misapplication of a criterion consistently represented throughout the volume and applied successfully to Joseph Hergesheimer, Hugh Walpole, Virginia Woolf and, in a marginal note, to D. H. Lawrence. In spite of the vagueness of some of the reviews the volume is critically vigorous.

CAMERA OBSCURA, by William Bolitho. *Preface by Noel Coward. New York: Simon and Schuster. 219 pages. $2.50.*

Introduced by a praise-lavishing comment by Noel Coward, the essays of William Bolitho have been gathered from The New York World. Among them is the one which invoked Aristotle's notion of tragedy to defend Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter Sweet." President Hoover's inaugural parade is described with discerning comment and the sometimes amazing vocabulary of the late author is expended on subjects commonly noticed by writers of general essays. The comic strip is rediscovered after Harry Thurston Peck had been dead twenty years. The book is obviously intended for those who admired Bolitho.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ROYAL CHARLES, Ruler and Rake, by David Loth. *New York: Brentano's. 343 pages. $4.*

Charles II of England has always been an attractive subject for the professional biographer. David Loth gives us the conventional merry monarch who had a talent for politics, as well as for the selection of pretty girls to share his remarkably good fortunes. The book is an intelligent piece of Sunday-magazine feature writing, beautifully illustrated and bound.

SCOTT AND HIS CIRCLE, by Donald Carswell. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 299 pages. $3.*

Although Sir Walter Scott has little popular appeal as the hero of a biography, Mr. Carswell has written a stimulating and brilliantly executed account of Sir Walter's business affairs. The story of Scott's literary activities is closely related to his ownership of James Ballantyne's printing establishment, a fact not clearly understood by Sir Walter's publisher, Archibald Constable. Mr. Carswell proves with great effectiveness that Sir Walter was a short-sighted but canny business man with an ambition to become a large landowner. His efforts to control the profits made from his own writing and to act as a competitor to Archibald Constable in the business of publishing are nothing short of fantastic. The failure of his grand scheme is better melodrama than any of the ingenious plots contained in his novels. Actually Mr. Carswell's study of Scott is an accurate and shrewd investigation into the origins of the publishing business as we know it today. He has supplemented this study with authoritative and highly entertaining biographical sketches of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, of John Gibson Lockhart and of Joanna Baillie.

FICTION

A RIVER GOES WITH HEAVEN, by Howell Vines. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.*

Mr. Vines introduces himself to the reading public with an enthusiastic rhapsody about his own grandfather, his days of courting, and the particular stretch of Alabama River country in which he grew to manhood. It suffers from the disabilities peculiar to all rhapsodies except those of Walt Whitman (whose philosophy Mr. Vines seems to have lapped up with thoroughness) and one keeps wondering if everything was quite as remarkable and beautiful as he assures us it was. There is no way of telling unless one takes his word for it—he states, dogmatically, that it was. He does possess a faculty for writing simply and well, except for one or two horrid lapses into pathos, and also a sensitive and deep attachment for his own neck of the woods. But patriotism, unfortunately, does not seem to be enough.

Contributors

BURTON RASCOE, journalist, critic and formerly editor of The Bookman, is now free-lancing in New York City.

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," a study of violence in the capitalist-labor war, which Knopf is soon to publish.

DOROTHY TYLER is a young poet who has contributed work to a number of poetry journals.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL is editor of The Theatre Guild Magazine.

MUNA LEE has contributed verse to many American and Spanish periodicals. At present she is living in Porto Rico.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the editorial staff of The New York Times Book Review. He is at present working on a book of essays.

YOUNGHILL KANG is an instructor at New York University and the author of a novel which Scribner's is to publish this spring.

JAMES RORTY, formerly connected with an advertising agency, is the author of "Children of the Sun," a book of verse.

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